

Old Rebel's Recollections Of Civil War--III

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

When Isaac Green Carden, father of Oak Hill furniture man, Otie Carden, committed to writing his experiences as a Confederate soldier, he was well past 90. Carden had served in Lowry's Battery, a unit largely of Monroe County men and from territory contiguous to Monroe.

Carden, after serving four years in this command and the passage of 66 subsequent years, recalled his fellow veterans and what became of some of them. There



was Capt. M. M. Lowry, native of Bedford County, Va., a physician by profession, who organized the command. After Appomattox, Lowry went to Covington, Ky., thence to Florida where he died.

Lt. Beirne Chapman, who later organized Chapman's Battery, fell at Winchester in 1864. Allen Fowler, physician, died in Salt Lake City, Utah. C. H. Dunlap and William V. Young was transferred from Lowry's unit and died near Greenville.

ONE OF THE SERGEANTS

was J. Carey Woodson, a name held in reverence at Alderson to this day. Sgt. A. J. (Stonewall) Keadle died at Union. Other Sergeants were John P. Shanklin who moved to near Cincinnati; C. B. Ross to near Parkersburg; and J. A. Simms who went to Kansas.

The bugler was later Dr. J. M. Roberts who moved to east Tennessee and there passed away. Company commissary officer was J. N. B. Woods who returned to Alderson and died there.

PVT. G. W. BROYLES was killed in action at Cedar Creek. J. H. Crawford died during the war of natural causes. W. C.

Fluke fell in action at Fisher's Hill. William Ford died during the war. William Garten was wounded at Cedar Creek, taken a prisoner-of-war by the Yankees, and died in a prisoner-of-war camp. John Thomas died in a war prison too.

THESE CAME BACK from the war and died in Monroe County: Maj. John Hinchman; Rev. L. C. Miller, died at Greenville; Davidson Mann, died near Greenville; L. A. Pence and W. W. Pence, died near Greenville; so did Gus Pence. Others dying in Monroe were J. L. Pack, James R. Pack, George W. Ryan, Nick Raines, J. M. H. Shanklin, W. H. Shanklin, John H. Shrader, J. W. Smith, W. M. Woodson who died near Cashmere, and E. Wilson who died at Greenville. Here and there may be living grandchildren of these veterans who long ago went to Valhalla.

WHAT IS NOW SUMMERS

County contributed men to Lowry's Battery. After the war some of them came back to that section. E. H. Peck lived long at Hinton. Ed Alderson lived and died at Talcott. Andrew Barton was living in Summers when he passed away.

J. M. Ballengee lived in Summers for years. S. K. Boude died at Forest Hill. J. M. Carden was a Hinton resident a long time. I. G. Carden got his mail at Pence Springs. R. A. Dunlap was long one of the worthies at Red Sulphur Springs. C. L. Ellison died in Summers County. At Talcott George A. Fluke was living when he died. J. A. Ford lived and died in Summers, too. Near Pence Springs A. L. Fisher died at the end of a long career.

At Hinton Elbert Fowler passed to his reward. Henry Clay Gwinn died at Lowell. Maj. John A. Hutchison breathed his last near Forest Hill. W. C. Hedrick was some time a resident of Talcott.

Matthew Hedrick was in Jumping Branch District. Samuel Huffman lived near Buck in Summers. A. J. Huffman was killed in Summers County. Near Green Sulphur lived D. B. Kessler. Granville Lowe died in Summers. John Lewis Miller died at Pence Springs, Richard McNeer and V. C. Mann lived at Marie.

A. P. Pence lived at Pence Spring and the place got its name from him. Reuben Roach, D. S. Thompson, W. C. Tincher, and James Vines were Summers residents. R. C. Vass and Philip Vass died at Hinton.

SOME OF LOWRY'S Battery men, who went west to grow up with the country, were: Ferd Brown, E. L. Brewer, M. Bushong, W. H. Craft, W. A. Dunlap, W. H. Dooley, W. P. Ellis, Newton Ellis, W. H. Halstead, E. Hutchison, Riley Holden, John Holden, James Houchins, J. D. Hinton, James Kelley, Joe Kessler, Capt. C. Keaton, Samuel Mann, J. P. Maddy, Henderson Vaddy, A. J. Roach, James R. Shanklin, Philip Shanklin, W. P. Symms, K. Whitcomb, J. L. Wiseman, and others too numerous to mention.

Times were only so-so in West Virginia when these Confederate veterans returned to sometimes demolished homes. Distant fields looked alluring to them and they set out for them. Like so many West Virginians of this day and time, they left the state to get bread!

One man, George Frazier, became a minister, an elder in the Holstein Conference. He died in southwest Virginia. D. O. Shirey came to Raleigh County. But all are gone now! Here and there in lonely graveyards are modest marble markers heralding the fact that those who sleep beneath them supported the Lost Cause.

Space forbids naming them all. God rest their souls in endless peace!

Old Rebel's Recollections Of Civil War--II

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

We continue with Isaac Green Carden's recollections of his Civil War actions!

"The Yanks had General Longstreet hemmed up at Chattanooga and we were ordered there to help get him out. We got him

out and his men were almost naked and bare-footed. There was blood on the frozen ground from their feet. We then fell back to Bristol, Tenn.



There Gen.

William E. Johnson was sent to the Valley of Virginia. He was there engaged in battle with the Yanks at Piedmont, below Staunton. Next we were ordered to the Valley of Virginia. They put our guns on a flat car and sent them to Lynchburg and also sent the horses on by land. However, the Yanks had reached Staunton and two hours after our horses had been sent we ordered them back. "Horses, men, and guns were all put on trains and run through to what was then known as Fishersville, a place below Staunton. Then it was the Yanks started through by Lexington and Lynchburg. But General Crosby with his cavalry kept in their rear and held them in check, so we were ordered back to Lynchburg by land. When the Yanks reached Lynchburg in the morning we got there in the evening. We were placed in forts and our infantry in trenches. While in the trenches, that night, some time, Gen. Jubal Early came up from Richmond to Lynchburg. That made three detachments to charge.

"OUR RANKS WERE divided and each detachment started to

retreat. We came to Lynchburg and then were ordered back to the Valley of Virginia. There we camped in the summer of 1864. When we reached Winchester there was a force of Yanks at Martinsburg.

"On the morning of the Fourth of July, 1864, we sent down and told the boys that they had better cross the river, that they would find it safer in the other side. They had made big preparations for the Fourth and we had a fine time eating their Fourth of July grub. They had fixed everything and had everything you could think of. Martinsburg was the first battle we were in and we were ordered from Sewell Mountain to Richmond in 1862."

ALTHOUGH THESE reminiscences were given when the old Confederate soldier was 90 years old, the veteran remembered, "After the Martinsburg fight our next fight was at Winchester. We had a second engagement on Sept. 19, 1864, and just one month to the day from that we fought the battle at Saddler's Creek. Gordon with his army crossed the river and captured the outpost pickets and went into the camp and killed and captured nearly all their men while they were yet asleep and turned their own artillery on them.

"General Sheridan was at Winchester 12 miles away when he got the news of his men's defeat. He ran his horse from Winchester until he met his retreating army. Then he rallied his men and came on our disorganized troops while they were yet in camp.

"We then came back to New River the second time and then to Christiansburg. While we were there, General Lee surrendered to General Grant. Then we were disbanded and came home."

THESE WERE the experiences of Isaac Green Carden, father of Otie Carden of Oak Hill. Carden was not 20 years old when he joined the Confederate army. He was born Aug. 10, 1841, and joined the army in April before becoming 20. He had not bothered to write out his war experiences until Oct. 4, 1931. When those experiences were narrated, Carden was an old man well past 90.

It is fortunate he had his experience written out when he did for he died within six months thereafter. Retelling those vivid experiences of 66 to 70 years before proved to be the swan song of the old Summers Countian. He served as deputy sheriff in Summers for almost 20 years.

CARDEN REMEMBERED his old commander, Lowry, who was born and reared in Bedford County, Va. By profession Lowry was a physician. He came to Centerville — now Greenville in Monroe County — a short time before the war broke out. When war came Dr. Lowry was stirred to the defense of the South. In a short time he recruited a company and had it fully organized.

Lowry was a very handsome man and commanding in appearance. He was greatly loved by all his command for he was a gentleman. His battery left Centerville (Greenville) on June 8, 1861. From all over the populace gathered to say farewell.

The hardest experience this unit had was in East Tennessee where the people were Unionist in sympathy and unfriendly to the Johnny Rebs. Hardship and near starvation faced Lowry's men during the last days of the war. Their last winter was at the Narrows in Giles County, Va.

Tomorrow, a list of the men of Lowry's Battery and what became of them.

Slaves Involved In Old Fayette Records

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Of interest now, in an era of black power revolution, are old court records of Civil War Days.

Some jottings were made a few days ago from Fayette County records concerning slaves and related subjects.

They range from 1837 to 1856 and also include citizenship granting to aliens and a July, 1844, order "that all preachers of the Gospel in regular communion with their respective churches be exempt from working the public roads in this county."

Five natives of Ireland granted citizenship were Timothy Carroll, blacksmith; Cornelius Whalen, farmer, and Jeremiah Agan, laborer, all in April, 1840; John Wingrove, November, 1840 and Robert Holliday, May, 1842.

OCTOBER TERM, 1837, of the Fayette Court had this item of business: "The court proceeded to consider the application of Isaac Sims, an emancipated slave, and being fully satisfied that the said Isaac Sims has fully complied with the acts of the legislature made and provided, allowing the said court to give permission to free people of color to remain in this state, and the court being satisfied that the said Isaac Sims is a man of honesty, probity, and good demeanor, it is therefore ordered in the presence of the prosecuting attorney for the commonwealth, that the said Isaac Sims have leave to reside in the county

of Fayette during the pleasure of the court."

JUNE TERM, 1839: "Ordered that Gibson Jarrell Sr., in the person of an old decrepit black woman, be exempted from all county and parish levy. The court considered the application of Viney Elstock, a free woman of color, to remain in the commonwealth, and being of the opinion that said Viney Elstock is a woman of good demeanor, and not addicted to vice, she was given leave to remain in the county."

JUNE TERM, 1847: "Henry Hull allowed \$15 for keeping a free Negro child named Lewis Ford from Aug. 6, 1846, to June 10, 1847."

September term, 1849: "Ordered that three slaves, the property of A. B. Walker, to-wit: one Negro man about 70 years of age; one Negro woman, about 60 years of age; and one Negro girl nearly blind, be exempt from county and parish levies."

September term, 1851: "On report of Joshua S. Mooney, jailor, that a Negro calling himself Samuel Turner, who was supposed to be a runaway slave and then confined in the county jail, had been advertised according to law but not claimed by any one, it was ordered that the sheriff of the county proceed to sell said runaway slave according to law."

November term, 1851: "The sheriff reported sale of runaway slave calling himself Sam Turner, showing a balance of \$308.12 after payment of jail fees, etc."

AUGUST TERM, 1853: "Ordered that Miles Manser be exempt from paying taxes on a

deceased slave belonging to him — a female who was a cripple and subject to fits."

September term, 1853: Ordered that Nathan Childers be appointed captain of patrol and John Martin as private to patrol and visit within the following bounds: From the Kanawha line up to Loop Creek, on both sides of the river; and that J.C. Huddleston be appointed captain and William Brewer as private of a patrol commencing at Loop Creek and terminating at Gauley Bridge, on both sides of the river; and that the duty of the said patrols should be to visit all Negro quarters and other places suspected of having unlawful assemblies or such slaves as may stroll from one plantation to another."

APRIL TERM, 1855: "Ordered that Samuel Haynes, a free man of color, aged 22 years, bright mulatto, five feet, seven inches in height, with a scar on his left wrist, be registered, the said Samuel Haynes having been born free in the county of Alleghany, state of Virginia."

June term, 1856: "The county levy was laid in the sum of \$1745.43, at the rate of \$1.50 on each white male in the county over 16 years of age, and all other subjects of taxation including slaves."

March term, 1860: "Ordered that Eden Nugen, overseer of the poor, do bind out Ella, a free Negro child of the age of 3 years, until she arrives at the age of 18 years; conditioned that the person to whom the child is bound, pay the said Ella the sum of \$25 at the time she arrives at the age of 18 years, and furnish her two suits of comfortable clothing."



War Called Civil Ended 97 Years Ago

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Since we are celebrating the centennial of the Civil War and today is the anniversary of surrender at Appomattox, let us consider it from the point of view of the Confederate army.

When the sun set at 6:22 p.m., on Saturday, April 9, 1865, the Confederate Army was almost surrounded by vast Union forces. One writer said of the Confederate army that sad Saturday evening, "The Army sees a red western sky."



Next day, April 10, was Palm Sunday. It was the Confederate plan for the army to cut its way through the Union lines, to start at 1:00 a.m. Sunday, April 10. But Lee and Grant had been exchanging letters under a flag of truce with a view to ending hostilities.

AT DAY BREAK on Palm Sunday the pathetically thin Confederate lines were ready for action. Rumor was rife in the Confederate ranks, down to the lowest private.

Longstreet — "Old Pete" — Lee's great Corps commander had told Lee in conference "Your situation speaks for itself," meaning that further resistance was useless.

Lee and Grant were some miles apart. Meade, who had opposed Lee at Gettysburg, had issued a cease-fire on his part of the line. No need to kill good men when surrender was imminent! Lee was resting under an apple tree that Sunday morning. He and his staff were guarded by a detachment of Confederate engineer soldiers. It was chilly.

After a Union officer, carrying

a white flag, had been escorted to Lee, he mounted and rode away with the officer.

Lee was dressed in his finest uniform and impressive sash. Traveller, his horse, was caparisoned fit to kill! Full of anguish and willing to die a thousand deaths rather than surrender his command to Grant, Lee went to meet his conqueror.

He was dignified and aloof. There in McLean house at Appomattox Court House the two commanders met and Lee surrendered his army. It was sure to take some time to work out the mechanics of the surrender — do the book work, that is, — but that meeting of the two masters in McLean's big two-story brick house ended the Civil War!

LEE RODE BACK to his headquarters where his tent was pitched and held his last conference with his commanders. Each officer with his chin on his chest heard Lee bid them farewell. In his last General Order, Lee prayed in behalf of those who had followed him "that a Merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection." They were assured by their great chieftain that each would carry home with him — if he had a home left — the comforting "Consciousness of duty faithfully performed."

That was the bonus — on a verbal one — that was given the humiliated Confederate officers and their men.

IT WAS ORDERED that the Confederate commissioners to effect the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia be Longstreet, Gordon, and Pendleton. These three which Lee designated met three Union Major Generals, Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt. These six commissioners met on April 10, in a room of the McLean house to complete the surrender.

All confederate forces operating under Lee on April 8, were included in the surrender. Some cavalymen had escaped, Brigadier General McCausland of West Putnam Co., W. Va., being one.

Artillery was first to be surrendered as the hostess were in desperate need of feed. Rations — bread only — was given the famished Confederates on April 9. Next day the hungry men in tattered gray got a piece of meat. Confederate soldiers who owned their horses were allowed to ride them home and use them in spring plowing, as Grant directed.

CONFEDERATE OFFICERS

were allowed to keep their sabres and side arms, grim souvenirs of the Lost Cause! Muster rolls were made out in duplicate, one for the Union commissioners, one for the vanquished foe. All told, sick, wounded, disabled, weaponless, equipped, captured, etc., of Lee's army numbered but 28,231 as of April 8, 1865.

Those organized and fit to fight numbered but 7,892 foot soldiers. There were but 2,100 cavalymen before hundreds escaped. Approximately 10,000 able Confederates surrendered to 110,000 Union army, all well fed, well clothed, strongly equipped. Last of the services to surrender was the Infantry. Bayonets were fixed, arms stacked, men paroled. They had to wait to get the printed paroles, printed in Lynchburg.

April 12 was the Army's last day of life. It was bone-chilling. Roads were muddy, as rain had fallen ceaselessly since the surrender on Palm Sunday, April 9. But spring had arrived and the tired field force, what was left to Lee's once proud and invincible army, could go home and get there the best way they could.

That was 97 years ago this week and four long years of bloody Civil War had ended.

Family Ties Meant Nothing In Civil War

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Often one notes a reference to Abraham Lincoln's famous speech on "a house divided," the reference being to the way the country was split up when he took over the presidency. In his sprightly publication, Virginia Genealogical Society Quarterly Bulletin, J. M. Baylor tells just how divided it was in spots.

Few houses were more divided than the White House itself. Lincoln had four brothers-in-law in the Confederate service. Mrs. Lincoln's brother, Dr.



George R. C. Todd was a volunteer surgeon in the Confederate army. He had neither time nor use for his president brother-in-law and was quoted as saying that Abraham Lincoln was "one of the greatest scoundrels unpung."

Mrs. Abraham Lincoln had a sister who married Confederate Gen. Ben Hardin Helm who was killed at Chickamauga. Lincoln had personally offered Helm a commission in the Union Army but met with a cold rebuff. Mrs. Lincoln had two other sisters who were married to Confederate officers.

HENRY CLAY, (April 12, 1777-June 29, 1852), the great peace-maker, had seven grandsons who saw service in the Civil War. The house of Clay was another house divided. Four of the grandsons of Clay served in the Confederate Army while three served with the Union forces.

When the Confederates cap-

tured Galveston, Tex., they shelled the USS "Harriet Lane" in the harbor. Major A. M. Lea boarded the "Harriet Lane," following its surrender. He found his son, Lieutenant Lea, in a blue uniform. The lieutenant was dying, mortally wounded by the fire from the guns under the command of his father.

ONE OF THE thrilling stories of the Civil War is that of the capture of Col. D. H. Dulaney, an Army officer, at Alexandria, Va. This capture was made by Colonel John S. Mosby, (Dec. 6, 1833-May 30, 1916), the daring Confederate ranger. Everybody knew the capture must have been engineered by some one with a lot of know-how relative to the whereabouts of the Yankee Colonel Dulaney. This surmise was correct as the capture of Colonel Dulaney was engineered by his own son, French Dulaney, who led Colonel Mosby to him.

There was the story of General Philip S. George Cooke who cast his lot with the Union Army. General Cooke had three daughters who married soldiers who rose to be Generals.

One of the Cooke daughters married Gen. James Ewell Brown (Jeb) Stuart, the celebrated Confederate cavalry leader. When Gen. Jeb Stuart made his noted scouting ride clear around McClellan's big Yankee army that was bent on capturing Richmond, he rode through a sector where his father-in-law was in command. One of Cooke's daughters married a Yankee general. Another Cooke girl married another Confederate general.

General Cooke had a son who

became a Confederate general. He was John Esten Cooke who wrote a history of the life of Stonewall Jackson. So deep was the division between General Philip St. George Cooke and his son that General John Esten Cooke had no use for his dad. After the war was over as far as the shooting was concerned, John Esten Cooke refused to speak to his father for years.

WILLIAM JOSEPH HARDEE, Lt. General,, (Nov. 10, 1815-Nov. 6, 1873), a Confederate army officer, wrote a book on war. It was known as "Hardee's Tactics." During the Civil War this was the Bible, so to speak, of the armies in the field. North and South alike used it in directing their maneuvers and fighting. General Hardee is buried at Wytheville, Va. This book of instructions on how to successfully wage war was about the only thing the two opposing forces in the Civil War got together about.

Major General Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, (1828-1864), fought for the Confederacy. His services were utilized beyond the Mississippi where he was dubbed "the Stonewall of the West." He had one brother in the Confederate Army and another who was in the army of the North.

Few wars were ever waged with the ferocity that characterized our Civil War. Every shot was fired in anger. The causes of most of our internal problems in the United States today are such differences as brought in that clash of 100 years ago when brother fought brother.

Civil War Diary Tells Of Prison Life--I

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Reader W. R. (Bill) Fleshman, Box 123, Charmco, sends me the hand-written diary of Lorenzo P. Smith, along with some other interesting old papers. Lorenzo Smith was a soldier in the Confederate army and was in the Lynchburg campaign.

Each day he made an entry in his journal, giving the day and the month as well as the year. His entry of Saturday, June 25, 1864 states that



"Today we march on through Lexington, county seat of Rockbridge Co., Va., passing T. J. Jackson's (Stonewall) tomb and the ruins of the Virginia Military Academy and a number of other buildings at Lexington. Camped five miles north of Lexington after marching 16 miles."

Smith's entry for Friday, July 1, 1864 runs: "We passed through Newmarket this morning, passing over the memorable battlefield of May 15, 1864. . . marching about 22 miles today." On July 5 they "passed a fine grain country after passing Shepherdstown in Jefferson County and forded the Potomac River at Shepherdstown and into Washington County, Maryland. We passed Sharpsburg where General Lee fought the hard battle of July, 1863.

WHEELING TO THE right at Sharpsburg towards Harpers Ferry, a portion of us lay at Antietam on the Potomac, destroying all the canal locks. Some fighting today at Harpers Ferry. We camped six miles above the ferry."

On July 8, soldier Smith was just about petered out from long marches and hard fighting. "This morning (before daylight) was so dark that we could not see anything. Owing to sickness

and constant marching I was unable to follow my command any further. I lay down and fell asleep. I concealed myself in the mountain." On July 9, his entry is: "I spent the day in the mountain, concealed."

Then hard luck plagued him on Sunday, July 10 as judged from what he wrote in his journal: "This day while traveling in the direction that our men went, the Yankee scouts caught me, for they were all over the country. They took me immediately off to Sandy Hook and confined me in an old engine house with some other prisoners."

NEXT DAY, JULY 11. "We still remained and they brought the prisoners from the stone fort on the mountain, which crowded us so that we could not lay down straight. The coal dust was half an inch in depth."

On July 12, "They moved us down the river late in the evening some 2 miles and put us in stone buildings." Next day, July 13, "We still lay here and living on rough rations." With some glee the 23-year old Confederate wrote on July 15: "General Hunter's command passed up and down the river like they were in confusion and General Early was baffling him." July 17, 1864: "At one o'clock all the prisoners—about 200—got on a train for Washington City, arriving after 12 o'clock at midnight." Next day, July 18th., was Monday and At one o'clock this morning we repaired to the old Capitol Prison where we were first imprisoned. They took all our knives and razors from us."

Next day, "They put us in our rooms which were very much crowded. Our eating regulations are as follows: Breakfast, 9:00 o'clock. Dinner, 3:00 o'clock.

"BEING AS I HAVE little to divert my attention to, I will

give a statement of our fare from this date forward. Breakfast: light bread and boiled bacon, crackers and beans. All our meats are boiled." On July 21 the diet varied a bit as they had "Breakfast of crackers and pickled beef. Dinner was crackers and rice."

On July 23 they got "Orders to pack and make ready to leave Washington. We took the train for Baltimore, between 6 and 700 prisoners. . . At Baltimore we marched through the city on foot and took train at dark. . . for Pennsylvania and on to Elmira, N. Y., arriving there after being in the train 30 hours. All the towns we passed through crowded to the stations to see the Confederate prisoners pass."

At Elmira, N. Y., "We were put in prison after eating our supper of crackers and meat. I was put in Ward No. 11 with 190 prisoners." By July 26, "About 300 prisoners arrived, making about 3,000 prisoners in all." On Sunday, July 27th., they "had preaching today. They come every day, the people do, to see the prisoners."

ON OCT. 10, 1864 Smith was paroled, along with 1,200 other Confederate prisoners of war. "This was a happy day to me," Smith wrote in his diary. They sent the prisoners south. Smith was sent on "The Northern Light," a steamship, with 800 others. They landed at Fort Monroe on July 31. They were kept aboard ship till Nov. 8, 1864. On Nov. 8, 1864 was presidential election and Lincoln was elected. Then the prisoners were sent to Georgia. In time he got back home a lot worse for the wear and tear of war.

Lorenzo P. Smith had a large farm at Greenville in Monroe County where he died Nov. 17, 1895. He was born June 3, 1841. He married Hannah H. Hanshaw, (Oct. 18, 1840-March 29, 1911), on April 10, 1867.

Yesterday And Today—

Floyd's Son Saw Action In West Virginia

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Now that the grave of John Floyd, twice governor of Virginia, at Sweet Springs, Monroe County

is going to be marked I want to tell about the governor's son who had once a connection with West Virginia.



He was John Buchanan Floyd, 1807-1863. Both were governors of Virginia and both died young. John Floyd, who was governor of Virginia from 1830 to 1834—two terms, was born in 1770 and died at the age of 57. John B. Floyd, the son, was born at Blacksburg, Va., on June 1, 1807. He died in 1863 at the age of 56. John B. Floyd was governor of Virginia from 1849 to 1852, serving two two-year terms, same as his father did.

The younger Floyd was a typical politician. He graduated from the South Carolina College law school, in 1826 at age of 19. He practiced law in Virginia and then at Helena, Ark.

BUT IN 1839 he was back to Virginia and settled in Washington County. There he embarked on a political career. He was elected a member of the General Assembly of Virginia and served in 1849 and again in 1853. Setting his sights higher, Floyd was elected governor.

As governor, Floyd recommended the legislation that laid a Virginia import tax on the products of states which refused to surrender fugitive slaves who had run off from Virginia masters.

James Buchanan appointed Floyd his Secretary of War where his administrative ability was dis-

covered to have been overrated. This caused President Buchanan to request Floyd's resignation.

Then Floyd was indicted for malversation in office but the indictment contained technicalities which led to its being dropped. Floyd did not profit by the transactions, which his enemies thought he did, but left the secretaryship broke.

THEY ACCUSED FLOYD, as Secretary of War, of sending large stores of government arms to southern arsenals in anticipation of the outbreak of Civil War. Before Lincoln was elected Floyd openly opposed secession. In 1860 the southern states actually received less than their quota of arms and munitions.

When Virginia seceded from the Union, John B. Floyd went with the state into the Confederacy and was commissioned a brigadier general in the Confederate army. Soon after this appointment, Floyd was sent into what is now West Virginia.

At the same time another Virginia governor was made a brigadier general, Henry A. Wise. He was also sent to present West Virginia where he recruited men for what became known as Wise's Legion.

THERE WAS ILL-FEELING always between Floyd and Wise. This bad blood cropped out in the Big Sewell campaigns in Fayette, Nicholas, and Greenbrier counties. This was a feeling that never subsided. The bickering between these two political generals while commanding Confederate forces in this area has been referred to by historians of the Civil War as "the war within the war."

General Floyd is best remem-

bered here in these parts as the Confederate commander in the battle of Carnifex Ferry on September 10, 1861. However, he had fallen upon the Seventh Ohio Regiment at Cross Lanes in Nicholas County at 5:00 a. m. Monday, August 26, 1861 while the Ohio outfit was at breakfast and scattered it to the four winds.

THESE WERE "lubberly Dutchmen," as Wise contemptuously referred to them, but Floyd in his report handed himself a left-hand compliment by saying the Ohio unit "is said to be of their (the enemy's) best troops. They were certainly brave men."

To keep an eye on the Union forces between Gauley Bridge and Clarksburg and the turnpike that connected these two points, Floyd was stationed near Summersville. He fortified his position on the high bluffs near Cross Lanes with his back to Gauley River at Carnifex Ferry. There he was attacked by the Union elements under Rosecrans on Sept. 10, 1861, and retreated across the Gauley in the night.

During the noisy scrap Floyd was painfully wounded in the hand. This affair at Carnifex Ferry and Cross Lanes gave Floyd a lot of prestige. But when Floyd and Wise got to fighting each other they were transferred.

In Feb. 1862 Floyd was made commander of Confederate forces at Fort Donelson from which he fled on the night of Feb. 18, 1862, leaving Gen'l Simon B. Buckner to surrender to Grant on an "unconditional and immediate surrender" basis. Two weeks later Jefferson Davis relieved Floyd of his command. On August 26, 1863, Floyd died at Abingdon, Va., perhaps glad to get out of his mental misery.

Four Died For Conspiring To Kill Lincoln

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

In connection with the commemoration — not celebration — of the centennial of the Civil War, the trial, conviction, and execution of the conspirators in the assassination of Lincoln should interest readers. At least four were put to death for their alleged complicity in the assassination.

It was the opinion of the attorney general that it was a military crime and that the accused must be tried before a military tribunal. "If the persons charged



have offended against the laws of war, it would be palpably wrong for the military to hand them over to the civil courts, as it would be wrong in a civil court to convict a man of murder who had in time of war killed another in battle."

President Andrew Johnson, who had been drunk when sworn in as vice president at Lincoln's inaugural for his second term, appointed nine military officers to serve as a commission to try the accused conspirators.

ONE OF THE NINE members was Gen. A. V. Kautz, the Union cavalry leader who broke through the Confederate lines around Petersburg, Va., on June 9, 1864, and rode through Blandford borough almost into the heart of the city. All the old men and boys of Petersburg who were capable of bearing arms rallied and drove back the Kautz raiders. After the war Petersburg decreed that June 9 would be Memorial Day and not May 30 as in the North.

To this day countless hordes of

Petersburg people repair to the section of historic Blandford Cemetery where the Confederate dead are buried and commemorate the accomplishment of Petersburg's "old men and boys" on June 9, 1864. These held Kautz's raiders at bay until the Confederate regulars dashed up Sycamore Street at a gallop.

My first church stood on that very battlefield.

SPECIAL PROVOST marshal at the trial of the conspirators was Maj. Gen. John F. Hartranft. He was the "sheriff" on the job! At the trial all members of the commission were in full Army uniform.

Dr. S. A. Mudd, one who was charged, wore handcuffs connected with chains, but the bracelets of the other male prisoners were joined by wide bars of iron ten inches long, which kept their arms apart. All the prisoners except Mrs. Surratt wore anklets connected by short chains, which hampered their walk, and heavy iron balls were also attached to the limbs of Lewis Payne and George A. Atzerodt, two other prisoners in the case.

During their confinement in the penitentiary the prisoners, with the exception of Mrs. Surratt, wore caps drawn over their heads. The cap was of gray flannel, made roughly, with a string drawn through the end, tied under the chin. At trial the caps were removed. Each man's ankle was fastened to an iron cone weighing 75 pounds.

OLD CAPITOL PRISON where the trial was held was on a hill in rear of the present Capitol. At 10 a.m. on May 10, 1865, the military tribunal sat. Mrs. Marry E. Surratt, once the belle of Prince

George County, Md., was 45. George A. Atzerodt, native of Germany, was 33. David E. Herold, 23, was a native of Maryland. Lewis Payne, son of a Baptist minister and a participant in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, was the fourth tried, found guilty, and hanged.

There were others. Of the ten conspirators, four were Catholic—Mrs. Surratt, her son, John H. Surratt, Dr. Samuel Mudd, and Michael O'Laughlin. Mrs. Surratt was a convert from the Protestant faith. Booth and Herold were Episcopalians. Payne was a Baptist. Atzerodt claimed to be Lutheran. Arnold was a Protestant.

THE FOUR SENTENCED to hang. Mrs. Surratt, Atzerodt, Payne and Herold were executed the afternoon of July 7, 1865. Capt. C. Roth was the executioner. He wrote:

"I received orders from Gen. John F. Hartranft to execute Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt. The orders were that the execution should take place at 1 o'clock, July 7, or as soon thereafter as circumstances would permit.

It did not come off as early as was expected, from the fact that General Hancock, whose presence was necessary, failed to appear. It was stated that Mrs. Surratt's counsel undertook to stop the execution by having Hancock arrested. I saw the gallows built and secured the rope, which was a three-ply Boston hemp, from the Navy Yard. I made the nooses and placed them on the beam, saw them adjusted on the victims, then stepped aside and gave the signal to the men underneath the gallows to spring the traps.

"A short time afterward the bodies were taken down and buried."

Causes Of Our Big War 100 Years Ago--1

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The centennial of our Civil War calls for recounting causes of that ultimately inevitable conflict—a war that, it seems, just had to come. Sectionalism with its attendant evils was the broad foundation cause of the 1861-65 struggle.

This country, as now, has always been more of a federation of sections than of states, it seems to me. Since the internecine strife—four years of blood-letting—



was mainly between the North and the South it should be stated that there were at least three things in which the two sections differed diametrically from each other. Those three things were economics, ideals, and national disposition of new territory. In the North there was diversification of industry compared to the agricultural industry of the South.

Economics, ideals, and disposition of the public domain were the hotbeds out of which grew the irreconcilable differences.

MANUFACTURING, mining, commerce, banking, and agriculture were strong in the North. In the South it was agriculture only—chiefly cotton, sugar, tobacco, rice, indigo, and hemp—and timber, of course.

The North had more people, too. Of the 21,442,221 population in 1860, there were but 11,400,000 of these living in the South, where cotton was king just as coal long has been king in West Virginia.

Over 400,000 square miles were in cotton in 1860. Close to four million bales—500 pounds each—was the 1860 cotton production.

Mississippi alone produced almost half that amount.

The South depended on northern and English ships to transport its products abroad. Foreign goods for the South came by way of northern harbors. When the South woke up to this situation, it was viewed with alarm. This economic dependence on the North served to create bitter feeling throughout the South. The South was making the North rich and keeping itself poor in doing so!

It is the same as West Virginia's plight today. The parallel is exact. But of West Virginia more anon.

SLAVERY WAS ALSO at the bottom of the bitter sectionalism, probably the main cause. This was a principal reason the South had failed to vary its industry. They wanted to keep their slaves occupied and all a slave knew to do was field toil. They were untrained in anything else just as many men in West Virginia know only how to mine coal.

Around slavery the South had built its own economic system, its society, philosophy of government, civilization. Slavery, more than any other one thing, led to the build up of sectional strife and feeling. Everything else stemmed from that institution of human bondage.

IN THE SOUTH it was argued that slavery was all right. It was defended on historical grounds, Scriptural authority, as the order of nature, as beneficial to the slaves, as good business for the country as a whole, as culturally beneficial to the white race, and as a benefit to the nation.

Later this column will deal with some of those points, particularly the Scriptural authority and the contention that slavery made for good business in the nation.

ANTI-SLAVERY SENTIMENT grew rapidly. Societies were formed to abolish it. Abolitionist journalism inflamed the emotions of both sections. These societies flourished in the North. One William Lloyd Garrison kept up the heated agitation. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin and added to the fire.

The Missouri Compromise in Congress in 1820, a victory for the North, stirred the South. Trouble was further precipitated by the Wilmot Proviso of 1846 because it did not settle the question of extending slavery. The Compromise of 1850 in Congress only made both sides more uneasy. This favored the South more than the North and put off the day of reckoning, thanks to 73-year-old Henry Clay. When the Kansas-Nebraska Act was passed in 1854 it stirred animosity.

In 1854 the South tried to buy Cuba and use it as a slave land. This effort failed but it aroused the North.

THE KANSAS-NEBRASKA Act swept away the Missouri Compromise and destroyed any good the 1850 Compromise had effected. It widened the gulf and gave birth to "bleeding Kansas" and the vicious, bloody battles there before Ft. Sumter.

It was the Kansas-Nebraska act that resulted in the formation of the Republican Party. It destroyed the Whig Party and divided the Democrat Party in twain. Another, the Know-Nothing Party, gained some standing.

The Dred Scott decision by Chief Justice Roger B. Taney got the North showing its fangs. Then came John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry. This inflamed the South and things moved toward secession.

Tomorrow, a discussion of the Dred Scott case.

Causes Of Great War 100 Years Ago—2

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

REVIEWING the causes that led to the four-year struggle that was the Civil War, all were deeply rooted in economics but there were several factors that widened the gulf of sectional feeling between the North and the South.

Slavery has been made the "goat" for the war but the things that grew out of slavery were the things that touched off the internecine strife. Today, one of those matters will be considered—the famous Dred Scott decision of 1857.



Harriet to Ft. Snelling and sold her to Dr. Emerson who held her in slavery there until 1838.

Eliza and Lizzie were the fruit of the marriage of Dred and Harriet Scott. Eliza was born on the steamboat "Gipsy," north of Missouri. Lizzie was born in Missouri. Dr. Emerson there sold all four to John F. A. Sanford as slaves and Sanford then held them, as slaves.

In 1856 Dred Scott sued for his freedom. On March 6, 1857, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney rendered the final decision. Scott's contention was that his residence in free territory automatically made him a free man. A Missouri court ruled against Scott and he appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court.

Judge Taney wrote the court's very long decision, one of the longest I have ever read. This decision created a national furor and hastened war.

THE FIRST QUESTION the high court had to decide was whether Dred Scott was a citizen. If Scott was not a citizen, the case would then be dismissed for want of jurisdiction. That would be following precedent. Should Scott, a slave, be not held a citizen, then the court would not have to pass on the main point in question, namely, his freedom.

The majority opinion of the court held that no state had Negro citizens at the time the federal constitution was adopted and that the constitution applied only to white people. Scott therefore, was not a citizen, hence could not bring suit in the federal courts. Here the case should have ended but Taney and his associates went on in their decision, hoping to put an end to the slave controversy, arguing and holding

that Congress had no authority to deprive any person of his property, slaves or otherwise.

Thus they held that Congress had no power to prohibit slaves in the territories, rendering null and void the Missouri Compromise.

JUSTICES McLEAN of Ohio and Curtis of Massachusetts gave dissenting opinions but the decision of the chief justice held. The dissident jurists held that Dred Scott's residence on free soil made the slave a free person. Sectional misunderstanding and sectional hatred flared to a new high.

Jubilant was the South because the decision decreed that Congress had no power to prohibit slavery. It meant slavery could never be abolished except by Constitutional amendment. Slavery now had the blessing of the Supreme Court since it was held to be a domestic institution under the basic law of the land.

Anti-slave people derided the decision and pointed out that five of the nine judges of the Supreme Court came from slave states. This decision became a challenge to the newly-created Republican Party because one of the main planks in its platform was restriction of slavery extension in the territories.

SOME REPUBLICAN leaders favored the re-organization of the court. Lincoln and Horace Greely were among them. They wanted a court that would conform to anti-slavery views.

A man with one eye and half sense could plainly see the nation was headed for trouble. In this inflammable atmosphere in 1859, John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry applied the torch that set the nation on fire.

ALREADY HOSTILE to each other, the Supreme Court decision in the Dred Scott case increased the ill-natured hostility between the two sections. Dred Scott was a Negro slave who belonged to a Dr. Emerson who was a medical officer in the United States Army. In 1834 the Army surgeon took Scott, his slave, from the state of Missouri to a military post at Rock Island, Ill. He held him there until the month of April, or May, in 1838. Then Dr. Emerson took Scott from Rock Island to the military post at Ft. Snelling, situated on the west bank of the Mississippi River in territory known as Upper Louisiana, acquired from France, north of the latitude of 36 degrees and 30 minutes north, and north of Missouri. Dr. Emerson held Dred Scott in slavery at Ft. Snelling until the year 1838.

IN 1834 DRED SCOTT married Harriet, Negro slave of Major Tallferro, another army officer. That year Major Tallferro took

Yesterday And Today—

Greatest Battle Ever On American Soil--I

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

It is hard for one of the Civil War cult to let July go by without saying something about the Battle of Gettysburg. It has now been more than 100 years since the struggle was waged in the little Pennsylvania town between the Confederate army under Lee and the Union host under the leadership of Meade.

There on July 1-3, 1863, they met and massacred each other. Total combatants that day numbered in excess of 170,000. Lee on his Greenbrier County horse, Traveller, rode into Gettysburg the first day of the battle. Of those 170,000 men in the battle Lee had only 70,000, outnumbered in the ratio of 10 to 7, a decided advantage to the men of Meade.



TO GET SOME IDEA of the men of war in the Gettysburg battle you might say that the number equalled the combined populations of Huntington, (1960 population 22,627) and Charleston (1960 population 85,796), for a total of 108,423. If you can imagine a force composed of every man, woman, and child in those cities as men going forth to deadly combat where every shot was fired in anger, then you get some notion of what transpired at Gettysburg.

After Lee's repulse at Gettysburg the Confederate army began its retreat southward. Transportation was by wagon only and the roads were not good roads like

we have now. In wagons, over rough roads, Lee's more than 12,700 had to be hauled! That wagon train was 17 miles long!

ACCEPTED CASUALTY figures at Gettysburg are these: Union killed 3,155; wounded 14,529; missing 5,365. Confederate losses were: 3,903 killed; 18,735 wounded (Equal to the total population of Beckley); and 5,425 missing. Weather was scorching hot. A thunderstorm was raging when Lee started his retreat. Burying the dead was a job, one hardly half done. Trench burials for the dead soldiers was the rule. Shallow graves were used generally. Undertakers struck it rich after the smoke of battle cleared. Joseph H. Jeffries distributed printed dodgers proclaiming his airtight metallic coffins, as a "Superior article for transportation of bodies. . . . Can be placed in the parlor without fear of any odor escaping therefrom." He and the other morticians did a land-office business.

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES of Union soldiers came from afar to search for the remains of their fallen dead. They got in the way of those burying the dead—a terrible mistake in the miserably hot July weather at Gettysburg. Graves were re-opened by such people in their misplaced sentimental mission of locating their loved ones. It was macabre business.

There on the Rose farm where the orchards were shattered and the fences destroyed, much carnage was in evidence. Rain had fallen in torrents as Lee retreated

and streams were swollen. Bodies of the dead dammed the streams and turned the creeks and runs into water impoundments.

THERE ON THE ROSE FARM the Confederate dead were accumulated by the graves registration crews and others. Their dead bodies were interred in shallow trenches, like so much bank timber laid in rows. Burial procedure in the army has not changed much. Graves at Gettysburg were dug in rows in some places. First, a grave was dug and a dead man put in it. Dirt from that grave was not used to cover the corpse in it. Instead another grave was started right by the side of it and as dirt from it was removed, it was tossed over on the dead body in grave number one, etc. etc. This was the way it was done in World War II where I read the burial ritual over men by the thousands in Europe.

IN SOME CASES WHOLE military units suffered almost total casualties. The 26th North Carolina Infantry Regiment lost 714 of its 800 men. The 19th Indiana Regiment lost 210 of its 288. In the 24th Michigan Regiment 362 of the unit's 496 men fell on that fatal field.

General Henry Heth's Division had casualties amounting to half its strength. And those tremendous casualties all were made in only 23 minutes of fighting, so vicious was the mortal combat in which the Division was engaged. Tomorrow, more word pictures and stories of the greatest battle ever fought on American soil to date!

Civil War Vet Wrote Memoirs In 1925

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

It was 31 years ago last July 2 that it fell to me to officiate at the funeral of the last Civil War veteran of Raleigh County.

On July 2, 1937, we buried Andrew Jackson Honaker, 94, in the American Legion Cemetery here in Beckley.



Something like 12 years before this Confederate veteran — "the last of the Mochicans" in this county — he wrote out his recollections of his local experiences the Civil War.

Those reminiscences constitute one of the treasured items in the library where this is written. Here is the Honaker story:

"I ENLISTED at the age of 16 years on the Confederate side, and was assigned to the 4th Regiment, Co. F, in the command of Col. William H. Brown, under General Loring.

"In 1863, the Confederate forces were encamped at the foot of Cloyd's Mountain, on the road that leads across to Dublin, Pulaski County, Va. The Federal forces were in possession of Pearisburg, county seat of Giles County.

"On the first day of June, 1863, we left camp at two o'clock in the morning to march on the enemy at Pearisburg. Within two miles of their encampment we captured their pickets and marched down on the town, routing them.

"They retreated to a big basin between Pearisburg and Winona Station on the N&W Railroad. We followed and engaged them in a skirmish, killing and wounding about 200. The enemy dragged their dead into the sands and threw them into the river.

basin about three hours, when they finally found a way of escape down the river. We followed them on to Narrows, where they crossed the county road bridge, and going up a little hollow, climbed to a cliff on the mountain side.

"There we had another skirmish. They were finally forced from this position and, going down the river, passed through the Narrows and went into camp on the Adair farm.

"The Confederate army went into camp above the Narrows and was quiet for three or four days. Thinking to take the enemy by surprise, we slipped down on their camp one morning, but found they had quietly withdrawn, leaving wagons, provisions, uniforms, etc.

"THE YANKEES retreated up East river towards Princeton, county seat of Mercer County. When nearing Princeton, General Marshall's army came across from Wytheville, on the Princeton and Wytheville turnpike, joining General Loring's command.

"About one mile from Princeton a stiff battle ensued. The Confederates were victorious and the Yankees fell back on the Raleigh road.

"We followed them from Princeton to the crossing on Piney river. There we engaged them in a little skirmish. They retreated and we followed on to Raleigh Court House (Beckley)."

"Here we found William McKinley and Rutherford B. Hayes, who had their headquarters at the time in the little frame building occupied at the time by 'Grandma' Davis, the grandmother of Lucien B. Davis of this city. That quaint little cottage stood on Main Street where the Raleigh County Bank stands today.

the court house, which at that time was a log structure. The Yanks planted artillery on Caldwell Hill above town and from that vantage point proceeded to shell the court house.

"The old Yankee breastworks can still (1925) be seen at a point on the old road leading to Mt. Hope.

"They were allowed to hold their position for a short while as we followed closely on their heels, driving them from their entrenchments. They retreated towards Fayette court house (Fayetteville) where they had previously built a log fort and entrenched themselves behind their fortifications, consisting of a window of brush, with the limbs sharpened to a point.

THE 4TH REGIMENT had orders to take this fort and, in the skirmish, captured all artillerymen and accountments. The main army escaped by retreating on the road across Cotton Hill mountain towards Charleston.

"We overtook them at Montgomery's Ferry, about two miles below Kanawha Falls. Their forces divided, a part of them going down on this side of the river and the other attempting to cross in a large ferry boat.

"The Rebels came down the mountain side about the time the Yankees were half way across and about 50 were killed. Following close on their heels, we put them across the bridge at Charleston and they returned to Gauley Bridge where we went into camp. From Gauley Bridge, we were ordered back to Tennessee."

According to Honaker, Alfred Beckley's first home in Raleigh County was the old Tomlinson place, more commonly known as the old "Tumblins" place. This was at the top of the hill leading to Whorley. Later on, Beckley built his "Wildwood" home.

"WE KEPT THEM in the

THE CONFEDERATES formed their lines across from

Yesterday And Today—

Partisan Rangers Harassed Unionists

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY
Reader Verner C. Hicks, Rt.
2, Box 116, Alderson, has been
a man of war in his time.

From Jan. 5, 1942, to the time of his honorable discharge from military duty on May 26, 1945, this Summers County resident followed the colors.



He and his wife, Jean, live in Summers County — formed in 1871 — although they have an Alderson address.

Recently this World War II veteran made some inquiry about the war record of his grandfather, James M. Hicks, who was in the saddle in the Civil War.

He knew that his paternal ancestor served in one of the Partisan Ranger commands of the Thurmond brothers but he was not certain which company it was.

IT WAS IN the Partisan Ranger company commanded by Capt. William Dabney Thurmond (Nov. 11, 1820 - May 14, 1919) that service was rendered by Pvt. James M. Hicks.

While this unit served the Confederate cause, it was a command that went to war "on its own hook," so to speak. It was an independent command whose captain was the one who decided what the company would do, where it would serve, how it would be armed and fed, to say nothing of where and how it would be quartered.

It was attached to larger

Confederate commands from time to time but what part it played in the field was solely the decision of the company's commanding officer.

The company was recruited in the area where W. D. Thurmond lived. The main job of the Ranger outfit was to make life miserable for Union soldiers and their families.

IF A MAN and his family in the area now served by the Beckley Post-Herald were known to be Union sympathizers and that knowledge was available to the Rangers, why, then, God pity those Union sympathizers!

The Rangers rode herd on such people and were busy at it both night and day. Enemies and others opposed to the tactics of Thurmond's Rangers often called them "Bush Whackers," a term which meant they were not averse to lowering the boom on Union people, shooting from the bushes or woods alongside the road.

In turn, the Union soldiers made life miserable for the families of the Rangers.

A couple of miles from where this is typed stood the home of Captain Thurmond. One winter day Union men burned that home to the ground and turned Mrs. Thurmond and her six young children out in the cold.

IN THE ROSTER of Captain Thurmond's company that is before me there are the names of 124 privates. There wasn't much chance for promotion in the company.

It seems that James M. Hicks enlisted as a private and that was his rank when the company was disbanded after news reached the command that Lee had surrendered to Grant on April 9, 1865.

A kinsman of Hicks was in the same unit with him. He was Michael Hicks.

When I settled in Oak Hill in January, 1923, a good many of Thurmond's men were there.

Soldiers Of Renown Fought While Young

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

A history buff is called upon for a lot of extra curricular assignments. This is especially true if one has gone to seed on the subject of the Civil War. Complying with the request of the chairman of the West Virginia Historic Commission, Dr. Charles P. Harper of the faculty of Marshall University, a trip was made to Henderson, Mason county, to deliver the address at the dedication of the Gen. John McCausland marker there, June 27.



Present were Miss Charlotte McCausland and her brother, Alex McCausland, last surviving members of the immediate family of the General. In January, 1927, the general died. At the time of his death he was the next to the last surviving Confederate general officer. He was 90 when he expired, having been born in 1836. They buried him near the intersection of Routes 2 and 17, a point overlooking the Ohio River. Above the highway is the ancestral burial ground of the McCausland family, a spot reached only by a steep and winding trace.

THAT DAY THE crowd was speaking of General McCausland and Gen. Albert Gallatin Jenkins of Cabell County like they were old men when they fought for the Confederacy. Just the opposite was true of the two famous alumni of Virginia Military Institute.

Jenkins was not quite 32 when he was given the star of a brigadier general and "Tiger John" McCausland was only 26, which is quite young to be a general. But war is a young man's game.

Milton W. Humphreys was only 19 when he devised indirect fire at Fayetteville in May, 1863. Young men do things. Thomas Jefferson was but 33 when he drafted our Declaration of Independence. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the pride of Patrick County, Va., fell at Yellow Tavern when he was barely 31 years old, greatest cavalry leader in the Civil War.

THE FAME OF McCausland rests upon his reducing Chambersburg to charcoal on July 30, 1864, the day of the world famous Battle of the Crater at Petersburg, Va. The burning of the Pennsylvania city was done under the orders of Gen. Jubal A. Early, Confederate commander, in retaliation for the scorched earth policy of Sherman and the incendiarism of Hunter.

McCausland also lifted Hunter's siege of Lynchburg, Va., and was given a sword of gold by the grateful citizens of the famous tobacco town. He was 28 years old at the time.

At the marker dedication Alex McCausland told me something I never had heard before. He said he heard it from someone second hand that when General McCausland applied the torch to Chambersburg he first directed that the records in the public buildings be removed so as to escape the flames. This was done, so the general's 74-year-old son related to me.

LONG AFTER THE war was over and the embers of sectional hate had cooled somewhat, General McCausland used to vacation at The Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs where he found the company of other Confederate leaders. One of them was Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, the only Confederate officer whom Lee called by his given name.

When McCausland went to The Greenbrier he took his daughter, Charlotte, with him. Of her, General Johnson made a pet, and she was a favorite with the famous officer. She provides the only firsthand information I have ever had on General Joe Johnson.

ONE TIME Miss Charlotte McCausland told me that her father always voted Democratic but said that "When the Democrats get in they always act a fool." General McCausland was five feet and 11 inches tall. His estate was one of the largest in West Virginia. McCausland lived pretty largely to himself and was a man who liked to have his way among his neighbors, so some of them have told me.

IN 1885 General McCausland built a huge home of stone. Timber used in the building of the immense dwelling came from Greenbrier County. This was out of his deep sentiment for this famous county which rendered service to the Confederate cause.

In his big house General McCausland died. Death was attributed to a slight stroke and an aggravated heart condition incident to his age — 90 active years.

Civil War Letter Is Revealing

June, 1977

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

One of the by-products of a speaking engagement is to have someone in the group supply me with an item of interest.

After addressing a church group at breakfast on a recent Sunday morning one of the men, a brother to Miss Nancy Hannabass of Oak Hill, told me of a Civil War letter which his paternal grandfather had written.

It was written by Samuel Hannabass to his brother, Dan. Dated July 23, 1863, it was written from Madison County, Va.



"DEAR BROTHER,

"I seat myself to answer your letter you sent by Peters. Also I got one a few days ago that was written on June 17th. This leave s me well and I hope it may reach your hand and find you all well.

"Dan, after the Winchester fight we went to Richmond to carry the prisoners. Then we started to our command which was in Pennsylvania. We went to Williams in Maryland and there the wagons of our whole Division and Corps were there, with 10,000 Yankee

Cavalry trying to take them. We stayed there two days and whipped them away and then came back to Virginia.

"There we scouted around to keep the wagons from being cut of. We went back to Maryland in three days and laid in line of battle in sight of Hagerstown for two days and then left for Virginia. Our Regiment was in one fight over there at Williamsport. Several of our Regiment got wounded although none were killed. We had two days rest after coming from Pennsylvania. Then I started, I suppose, to Frederickburg. We stayed here at the foot of Blue Ridge Mountains about 30 miles from Gordonsville. I suppose we will go that way some time today.

"OUR DIVISION was in the rear and was cut off at Front Royal. We decided to cross the mountain and come by Culpepper Court House. After we were cut off we went back and came up the Valley to New Market and crossed the mountains yesterday. If we rest today it will be the first time in nine days.

"I hear the Yankees have the same position at Frederickburg and Lee beat them there a half hour. Dan, you said something about my going to the cavalry. If it was so I could go I don't think my officer would give me up. It is

hard for men to get off here when one stands up to his duty and fights through. A coward can go almost when he pleases.

"You wanted to know what rank I hold. I am 3rd Sergeant, the position I have held since James Kessey left. I get \$17 a month and don't have half the duty. I am on duty once and month and the private is on duty once or twice a week. I don't have to march in the ranks. I act as File Closer. I have been doing the orders. I will close, we have orders to march. I may write more, so farewell for this time.

Samuel Hannabass.
"P.S. I hear that we will have to go to Culpepper and direct to Gordonsville."

NOTE: Samuel was the father of Warren Hannabass, who was the father of Nancy Hannabass. This letter was written after the battle of Gettysburg which was fought July 1-3, 1863.

Mention of the battle of Winchester recalls that it was in the Winchester struggle that the grandfather of the late Gen. George S. (Blood and Guts) Patton was slain. Patton was a young Charleston lawyer who joined the Confederate army as did Samuel Hannabass.

7,000 Civil War Medals Still Unclaimed

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

While the observance of the Centennial of the Civil War is going on it is interesting to speculate as to what has become of the undistributed victory medals that West Virginia caused to be struck in 1866 for her sons who wore the blue.

It was known that 26,099 of them had been m a n u f a c t u r e d — "struck," as medal makers put it. There was to be one for each man who took the side of the



Union in the 1862-65 struggle. A year or two ago it was learned that the undistributed medals were molding away in the basement of the state Capitol and no effort was made to get rid of them. Recently Dr. James L. Hupp, state historian and archivist, told me of them. Dr. Hupp decided on distributing them to the nearest of kin of the old soldiers — all of them long since gone to their reward — during the Centennial of the War.

ON AUGUST 13 I saw these medals, some of them, which are boxed and on the fourth floor of the capitol at this time. Mrs. Walter Brooks, nee Stella Harrah, is in charge of them. Each is being put in an envelope, its box container and all, and the name of the Civil War soldier written on the small manilla envelope.

On the original medal box was written the name of the soldier who was entitled to the medal and whose that specific medal was. Dr. Hupp had pulled those boxes in the 96 years since the medals were struck and boxed. Now each one is seeing the light of day for the first time in nearly a century.

It is going to take a month or so to complete the job of arranging the medals in order of their army companies and regiments so they may be easily distributed if relatives claim them.

IN 1891 THE LAST LIST of these medals were made in the effort to get the old soldiers to get them. However, like most men who have seen military service and think of victory in terms of getting home and getting some good home cooking again, those 1861-65 veterans must not have read about the medals or simply passed them up.

These are bronze medals and are attached to a ribbon of red, white and blue. The inscription on each reads: "Presented by the State of West Virginia. Honorable Discharge." Around the medal in the place of a milled edge is stamped in the metal of the medal the soldier's name, rank, and unit in which he served. This must have been a big job to put on them all those names with a die punch driving the soldier's name, rank, and unit of service in that medal.

A GOOD MANY of the "loyal" West Virginians were killed in action. When the medal of such a battle casualty was made, his decoration bore the added inscription, "Killed in Battle." The medals were struck in 1866, the year after Appomattox. During the war there were 31,846 West Virginia men and boys who served in all branches of the federal service. These were mainly volunteers as there were only 257 of them drafted for military duty.

Then, too, there were only 573 who went to war as substitutes for men who were drafted and had no taste for military duty. It was the policy of the govern-

ment in those days that if a man was drafted for military duty and did not want to go to war, he could hire a man to go in his place. In some cases those who went as substitutes were killed in action. Once I read about such a case when the one who hired him to go in his place erected a stone over his grave, bearing the remorseful inscription, "He died for me."

BETWEEN 7,000 and 8,000 of the old war medals still repose in our state capitol. A list of the unclaimed medals was made and printed in 1891. It read: "Compilation of names of West Virginia soldiers entitled to state medals. Now in possession of the Assistant State Adjutant General, Col. W. W. Riley at Jackson C.H., W. Va."

That list was made up by the past assistant adjutant general, T. G. Field. Jackson Court House was Ripley. These medals were kept at Jackson Court House a long time.

AS TO NEAREST OF KIN getting these medals, a man's widow is his nearest of kin they say. At this time there is but one widow of a soldier in that 1861-65 war living in this state. She still draws a pension, the only such pension going to a West Virginian 97 years after the war ended.

What will become of these medals if kinsmen do not claim them? Probably they'll be sold to coin collectors or medal collectors to be sold as curios. Already such dealers, it was learned, are inquiring if they will be for sale. In such event the proceeds would go to the use of the State Historian for use in his department, or should. Each such medal would likely sell for \$10 or \$15, maybe more.

First Indirect Cannon Fire

By Shirley Donnelly

When Arthur King, Fayette County coal operator and Oak Hill banker who is a member of the Fayetteville Rotary Club, invited me to address his club I jumped at the chance.

This I did because it does a country feller like myself good to get a rare opportunity to mix with city folks.

Then, too, with Arthur King being a banker along with his other business ventures, it occurred to me then that when I get financially between two rocks and a hard place, Arthur King would be a good man to know.

Provided that I would give the man's bank a mortgage on my humble home, a deed of trust on my country farm in Jackson County, and backup my application for a loan with the title to my "Apalachian Packard," as I call my 1973 Chevrolet automobile, plus one or two financially able endorsers, with commercially valuable collateral such as blue-chip listed stocks and U. S. Government H-bonds, Arthur King might sponsor such a loan plea.

These are only some of the thoughts that ran through what I call my mind when my financial status reached the point that I have to remain both temperate and virtuous. But to a story I planned to tell Arthur King's fellow Rotarians.



ONE OF THE state's historical markers in the Fayetteville vicinity recites that "In the attack on Federal forces here, 1863, Milton W. Humphreys, the educator and soldier, gunner of Bryan's Battery, 15th Virginia Light Artillery, C.S.A., first used indirect firing, now in universal military use."

I knew Milton W. Humphreys fairly well. Toward the close of his long life he visited his niece, Mrs. E. W. Johnson, in Oak Hill each summer. Where he visited was a few houses from where I lived from 1923 to 1933. On his walks up town, Dr. Humphreys would pass my house and we

would chat.

He was the last surviving member of the Washington College Faculty — now Washington and Lee University — when Gen. Robert E. Lee was president. It was a historical treat for me to converse with a learned man who knew Gen. Lee personally for some years.

DR. HUMPHREYS was born in Greenbrier County September 15, 1844. At age of 13 he was doing college studies, a precocious chap. In 1860 he was at the head of his class in Washington College at Lexington, Va. Then the Civil War erupted and being of military age — then 16 years old — young Humphreys found his chance to fulfil his boyish ambition to be a cannoneer. He enlisted in the Monroe Artillery later known as Bryan's Battery. He refused offers of promotion in rank above that of sergeant in order of gratify his desire to be in charge of a cannon.

IN THE ATTACK on the Federal fort of Fayetteville in May, 1863 — the fort site now covered by the Dodd-Payne Funeral Home — young Humphreys, then 19, got opportunity to employ indirect fire. His cannon was a brass barreled gun which he called Maggie. Humphreys estimated the distance from the position of his cannon in a pine thicket at Nickelville to the Yankee fort as being close to a mile.

Employing his knowledge of triangles, the 19-year-old youth made that mile the base of the triangle. He elevated the barrel of his cannon at the proper angle and called that angle the hypotenuse of his triangle. Then he cut the fuse of the shell to be fired out of the cannon at a length so as to cause the shell to explode when it plummeted straight down upon the Yankee fort. That straight drop was the altitude of his triangle.

His mathematics in the experiment worked and proved a success. Some of us went to the spot where the cannon was fired after Humphreys told us of the location. Dr. Humphreys's degree of Doctor of Philosophy was conferred upon him by the University of Leipsig, Germany. His last teaching stint was the 25 years he taught Greek in the University of Virginia.

mm
mm July 30, 1979
Dorothy D. Stummel

Local Man Seeking Grandfather's Medal

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

P. H. Arbogast of Neola is always sending me a number of old and interesting things. Where he comes across them is unknown to me but he comes up with them.

In the last batch of things is a leaf from an old ledger. It is the account of Stephen Bays and bears date of Feb. 11, 1884. The following prices are

shown: corn, 50 cents a bushel; tobacco, 25 cents a plug; coffee 12.5 cents per pound; bacon, ten cents a pound.

Whisky was only 25 cents per pint!

How the price of life's necessities has gone up in the last 119 years!

IN THE SAME ENVELOPE

with the 1844 ledger sheet, used the year the telegraph was invented and the use of ether in producing artificial sleep was discovered, came some actual Civil War documents. One is very interesting. Here it is:

"Headquarters Department of Richmond
Richmond, Virginia, March 9, 1865

Special Orders No. 72

In obedience to instructions from the Secretary of War, the following named men (paroled prisoners) are granted leave of indulgence for 30 days, (unless sooner exchanged); at the expiration of which time, those belonging to commands serving north of the Southern boundary line of North Carolina, and in East Tennessee, will report immediately to them, if exchanged; otherwise,



they will report to Camp of Paroled Prisoners, Richmond, Va. All other paroled prisoners, except those whose commands are serving within the limits above mentioned will also report, at expiration of their furloughs, to Camp of Paroled Prisoners, Richmond, Va.

A. W. King, Co. H, 22 Va. Infantry
Paid twelve months from June 30, 1863, \$137.00

Quartermaster will furnish Transportation.

By order of Lt. Gen. R. S. Ewell,
Signed: William Allen,
Ass't Adj. Gen."

A. W. KING reached Greenbrier County on March 17, 1865. By then the war was over except for the withdrawal of the C. S. A. government from Richmond and Lee's surrender at Appomattox April 9.

Along with the two items mentioned, P. H. Arbogast sent me the tax ticket of Richard White of Anthony Creek District in Greenbrier County for 1880. It is the sum of \$23.26 and all of the amount for real estate holdings. In 1880 James W. Johnston was sheriff there. White had nearly 1,100 acres of land.

WE HAVE A REQUEST from Charles Walters, South Oakwood, Beckley, often mentioned in this column, for help in securing his grandfather's medal of honor from the State of West Virginia, for service in the Union Army. It is an unusual case.

This man enlisted in "L" Company of Eighth Infantry Regiment, which later became the Seventh Regiment of West Virginia Cavalry.

Walters only remembers that Captain Rucker was his grandfather's commander but had nev-

er known his company. Search of the records shows it was "L" company.

When the young man enlisted he gave an assumed name, that of William I. Wise. Later in life when the government began to pension the Union Army veterans and this man wanted to get in on it, he had to give his right name. He was given a pension of \$12 per month until he died. The name on his check was "William I. Wise, alias Walters."

He was only a lad when he ran off from home to join the Union Army on March 21, 1864. Records do not show his age. The boy's stepfather, a man named Delaughter, was mean to him, causing him to leave home. Why he took the name of Wise has never been known.

Charley Walter's mother was Mary Katharine Moore before she married. She first married Jim West. He was killed in Kentucky while cutting timber. West had a son named John. This John West killed Enoch Light in a fight at Gatewood years ago.

Enoch Light was the husband of "Aunt Fanny" Light, a great funeral attender in the Oak Hill area until her death some years ago.

John West and wife had a daughter named Drusilla West who last married Herman (Red) Duncan, a marriage that ended in a tragedy in February, 1933.

Charley Walter's mother married his father, Isom Walters, as her second husband.

In the big assortment of medals in the State House at Charleston the medal belonging to William I. Wise, alias Walters, father of Isom Walters, is supposed to be. Application has been made for it and it is expected to reach the Beckley man before many moons.

Mrs. Lowry Recollects Civil War Stories

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Mrs. Nina Lowry, widow of the late S. R. Lowry of Sophia is 83 and likes to recount stories she heard in the dear old days. In a plaintive letter of Nov. 28, she narrates some of the stories of her people who fought in the Civil War.

They were on the Confederate side and had a hard time of it. Mention of Lowry's Battery rings a bell in Mrs. Lowry's mind. She writes:



"You spoke of Lowry's Battery in one of your columns some time ago. I have heard speak so often of this one and that one belonging to Lowry's Battery but it did not register with me then. However, I recall that my father's two brothers, who were older than he, were in that conflict. The older of the two, James Wylie, was old enough to be drafted but his brother Thomas Wylie was not old enough. Their mother had died, leaving five boys and an eight year old daughter.

"UNCLE TOM FELT he must go with his brother James. He put on his newest brown homespun tailor-made suit and ran away. He joined Lowry's Battery. The home folks never saw Uncle Tom again. They heard that he walked double duty as sentry on the coldest night in February the year the war ended, Feb., 1865. He went on duty at 6 p.m.

"When the man who was to relieve him at midnight failed to show up, Uncle Tom did not leave his post. When the 6 a.m. soldier came on, he found Uncle Tom walking sentry with his

feet and hands frozen. His musket was cradled in his arms. Then my grandfather Andrew Wylie heard that after Richmond surrendered that the Union doctors sawed off the hands and feet of Uncle Tom who was crippled with his feet and hands frozen.

"MY GRANDFATHER hired a man who was raised in Richmond, but then living on his farm in Monroe County, to go to Richmond to see if he could learn anything about the fate of Uncle Tom. Uncle James Lowry had been hauled home on a wagon but died three weeks later. My grandfather paid this man to go to Richmond a third time to see what he could find out about Uncle Tom. But he did not find out anything.

"Years later, after my grandfather had married again and raised a second family, the oldest son of this second set of children studied medicine and interned at Richmond. That was around 1896. He was A. E. Wylie, M.D. This Dr. Wylie searched the records of the Confederate hospitals and then the Confederate cemeteries to see if he could find out anything about the disposition of the case of Uncle Tom Wylie.

IN THE SECOND Confederate cemetery, Dr. Wylie found a grave marker bearing this inscription: "T. Wylie. Died April 21, 1865." Years later I met a man whose last name is Leach of Alderson who told me that Uncle Tom came to his unit in Lowry's Battery. He said Uncle Tom was too young to be in the front ranks, so they gave him the flag to bear.

"After the South surrendered, Leach said he had not been discharged and had found Uncle

Tom in a hospital in Richmond, very depressed. He had no fingers or toes. Uncle Tom gave Leach a message to carry to his father. Leach told Uncle Tom as soon as he got his release — Leach's release — he would take him home. When Leach got his release, he hunted for Uncle Tom but found out that he had died. Leach found the sexton who had buried Uncle Tom and was shown the grave and marker where he was buried.

"AND NOW THE Lowry clan I married into. Father of my wife was George Lowry of Gap Mills. It seems he had some brothers and a distant cousin, Lee Lowry, in Columbus, Ohio. Another branch of the Lowrys was at Red Sulphur Springs near Greenville. Another group in which there was a Jim Lowry who lived on the Union and Sweet Springs Turnpike on top of Alleghany near Centennial post office.

"My husband's mother was Mary McGuire and she married George Lowry. One of her brothers was Charles McGuire. He served in the Confederate Army. Several Confederate soldiers are buried in the Wylie Cemetery. But their graves are unmarked." Now, Mrs. Nina Lowry wants to contact members of the Lowry clan and asks them to write her at Sophia.

TODAY A FAVORITE HOBBY is to pursue genealogy in an effort to get a line on one's ancestors. 'Tis an interesting hobby and thousands pursue it. Hardly a week goes by that a letter does not come to me asking help to fill in a gap in some family tree.

Such tasks are often put off until those who can supply the wanted information have died.

Former Rebel Soldiers Shown In Picture

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Wayman Johnson of Beckley says one of his prized possessions for years has been a framed photograph of the "State Reunion of Confederate Veterans, Beckley, Sept 5, 1918."

This was the last Confederate veterans meeting held in Beckley. Fifty-six of the boys who wore the Gray in the 1861-65 struggle are shown in the



picture. Since it was taken over 53 years after the surrender at Appomattox, all the veterans pictured are bearded and grizzled. Their ages ranged from 70 on up.

Johnson, who is no longer a boy himself, is a veteran of World War I. He served in the army from May 18, 1918, until April 28, 1919. Come next Sept. 11, Johnson will have reached 78 years of age.

When the picture of the 56 Confederate veterans was made, Johnson had been away with the colors for three months and 17 days. Johnson then was 30. He has given the old picture to me and it holds an honored spot on the wall of my library.

WHO WERE THOSE 56 Confederate veterans shown in the photograph? No one knows who they all were but some of them included the Rev. W. L. Simmons, Jerry Lester, a man named Skaggs, Houston Davis, Thomas C. Trull, Col. J. Z. McChesney, Capt. J. G. Lemon,

William Foster, T. H. Dennis, I. G. Carden, C. L. Thompson, W. J. Sweeney, DP. L. Maynor, James A. Gunnoe, John N. Godbey, John Shrewsbury, Judge A. Nelse Campbell, Taz Worley, a man named Shaffer, Gordon L. Wilburn, W. J. H. Farley, H. T. Hancock, George A. Kidd, William T. Shumate, A. B. McClure, John Prince, C. C. Watts, Elkannah Brammer, George Shumate, J. H. Commack, William (Bub) Prince, James H. Cook, and Hugh Prince.

In Volume 1 of his "Beckley, W. Va.," Harlow Warren has the picture with the foregoing veterans identified. Only two of the 56 were ever known to me—Col. J. Z. McChesney and C. C. Watts. McChesney lived in Charleston and used to stop at the Cablish Brothers bread and candy store where some of us boys were employed. He was then a tall, dignified, bearded gentleman.

C. C. Watts lived on the West Side of Charleston in an imposing, columned house on a high hill that overlooked "Elk City" as that part of Charleston was then called. It bordered the Elk River. We know him as "General Watts" because he had been attorney general of West Virginia from 1881 to 1885. He was a distinguished looking man, too.

A POCAHONTAS COUNTY reader tells how his great-grandfather heard the stirring roll of drums at Droop Mountain when Gen. John Echols, commander of the Confederate force in that engagement, arrived on the field.

On our library wall hangs the

framed military commission of Robert Augustus (Gus) Bailey, the beloved Confederate major who fell mortally wounded at Droop Mountain on Nov. 6, 1863. He fell while trying to rally the 22nd Virginia Infantry Regiment, which had been battered by the Union force. The spot where Bailey fell is on W. Va. 24 and a marker identifies the location. Bailey was carried to a farmhouse for care and there died the following day. He is buried in the cemetery at the rear of the Old Stone Church at Lewisburg. An imposing monument was reared to his memory by admiring friends.

COMMANDING OFFICERS of the Confederate troops at Droop Mountain were Brig. Gen. John Echols, Brig. Gen. William L. Jackson, and Col. W. P. Thompson. Commanding the Union army was Brig. Gen. William A. Averill, as restless an officer as the Union army ever had.

Col. Thomas M. Harris, later a major general, commanded the Union's 10th W. Va. Infantry Regiment at Droop Mountain. A Fayette County man, Capt. James S. Cassady, commanded Co. G of the 8th West Virginia Mounted Infantry Regiment. The unit later was changed to the 7th W. Va. Cavalry.

Cassady lived on Cassady Branch which empties into Laurel Creek a mile or two below Doggett Chapel at Dempsey. In the isolated cemetery, up a hollow that leads off Cassady Branch, Cassady is buried. He once represented Fayette County in the state Legislature when Wheeling was the capital.

Yesterday And Today—

Two-Year Search Yields Lee Photograph

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

As this column is written there hangs on the wall a 22 x 28 photograph of Robert E. Lee. It was on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865, that General Lee met with Gen. U. S. Grant in the McLean Home parlor at Appomattox, Va., and surrendered the once-invincible army of Northern Virginia, the bulwark of the Confederate States of America.

That historic surrender of 99.44 percent of the southern Army ended four long years of war between the states, 1861 - 1865.

IN THE photograph mentioned, Lee is wearing the same uniform in which he was dressed the day he



surrendered. The only thing missing in the picture is the sash worn when he and Grant had their confrontation at Appomattox 111 years ago.

This remarkable photograph was taken by Lincoln's photographer Matthew Brady on the back porch of the lower floor of the Lee home in Richmond on April 13th, 1865.

Mrs. Lee, an invalid, had lived there for the greater part of the war after they vacated Arlington, now the location of Arlington National Cemetery.

AND NOW for a word about the history of this picture Jim Kee, executive secretary to his mother, Congresswoman Elizabeth Kee, wrote me on Nov. 7, 1963.

"The reason I am writing to you is because we have been extremely fortunate in arranging this

photograph for your library. Since I am paying for it, I should like to present this to you for your own private library.

"For approximately two years we attempted to obtain a copy of this photograph and because we could not find one, we did find today that the National Archives has the negative of the photograph made by Matthew Brady — you will be interested to know that this is the only Matthew Brady photograph in the possession of the National Archives. This photograph is framed and mailed to you."

IN THE photograph, Lee, six feet tall, weighing 185 pounds, and wearing size 7 1/2 shoes, stands in front of a type of door that was widely used in the south.

The center panel of the door is in the shape of the Latin cross like the one on which Christ was crucified. It was the belief of Southern people that a certain spiritual protection would accrue to the family in whose house such doors were used.

WHEN LEE surrendered it was springtime and cool like it has been this spring.

Grant told Lee to tell his soldiers to take the army horses with them as they could use the horses to do their spring plowing. That was a magnanimous concession by Grant as the defeated Southerners needed all the help they could get.

In the Confederate army the horses used, in the main, were the property of the soldiers who used them.

110-Year-Old Oversight Righted

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following column originally appeared in the Post-Herald on Aug. 25, 1975. It is being reprinted today, at the author's request, upon the occasion of the anniversary of Gen. Robert E. Lee's birth.)

By Shirley Donnelly

Once upon a time in my good old days I came upon an expressive injunction to "give them their roses while they live." That old saying came to mind when it was told me that President Ford had signed on Aug. 5, 1975, the Congressional Resolution restoring citizenship to Gen. Robert E. Lee.



That bit of legislation served to correct a 110-year oversight in American history, according to President Ford. However, correcting of the oversight did precious little good to General Lee himself whose image continues to grow with every passing year. Someone once said that "a eulogy spoken when a heart is broken is an empty thing at best," or words to that effect. It is held by many that a rose bestowed upon a person when its fragrance can be sniffed is far better than when a whole wreath of them is laid upon the body when it is all a-strut with pink embalming fluid. I buy that.

LEE HAD signed an oath of allegiance with his request to President Andrew Johnson, but the oath, in ways past finding out, got lost — or was purposely lost — in the reconstruction era in Washington, thus leaving General Lee "unreconstructed" as far as published history was concerned.

Lee died in 1870, a comparatively young man at age of 63. He was wounded in the Mexican War in the battle of Chapultepec. When the Civil War engulfed the land in 1861 and Virginia seceded from the union, Lee followed his native state into the Confederacy. That was what cost him his citizenship in the United States.

In 1862, Lee was given the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was his leadership of that army that

won him worldwide acclaim. While it was his military genius that made Robert E. Lee famous, it was his personal character that made the man great.

HIS GREATEST victory was that of Chancellorsville on May 2-3, 1863, where "Stonewall" Jackson was mortally wounded and lost to Lee. Chancellorsville was followed by the invasion of Pennsylvania where Lee was defeated at Gettysburg.

Had Jackson been with Lee at Gettysburg the story of that engagement might have had a different ending. But in my opinion, the battle of Antietam was the one that sealed the fate of the Confederacy. While the battle of Antietam was a draw, it crippled Lee's army because so many men were lost whom Lee could not replace.

WHEN THE Civil War ended in April, 1865, Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College, Lexington, Va., now Washington and Lee University.

One of the treasured items in my library is the 1869-70 catalogue of Washington College showing "General Robert E. Lee, President." I knew one of Lee's professors. He was Milton N. Humphreys. As a boy in Charleston I knew some of those who were Lee's students. When I knew them they were men well up in years but they had been students under the noted Confederate general. Those students and Professor Humphreys were my closest connections with General Lee.

A MEMBER of Congress who knew of my interest in the Civil War had made for me a remarkable photograph from the original plate taken by Matthew Brady at Lee's home in Richmond four days after he surrendered at Appomattox on April 9. In this picture — 24 x 18 — Lee is wearing the same uniform worn when he surrendered, albeit he is not wearing the sash he wore when he tendered his sword to General Grant on April 9th.

This is a remarkable photograph, judged by highest standards of photography. It was made and framed and sent to me by a congressman from other than my district. Lee and I are the same size — six feet tall and weighing 185 pounds. However, Lee wore a 7½ size shoe, whereas mine are friendly 11½ in size!

Reprints Account Of Gen. Lee's Funeral

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Mrs. Paul Gladwell, Marlinton writes: "I certainly do enjoy reading your column in the Beckley Post-Herald, especially your historical articles. Herewith I am sending you an item from the Rockbridge County News, Lexington, Virginia, which gives an account of General Robert E. Lee's funeral. It came to me through my mother, who was born and raised in Lexington.



"Her grandfather was a Confederate soldier and was killed in the Civil War. He was John Conner. One of her brothers, who is still living in Lexington, was named for General Lee's son, Fitzhugh Lee. I have heard her mention the Lee family although General Lee died in 1870, seven years before my mother was born.

"I remember, as a small child, going with my mother to see Lee's Chapel and the vault where General Lee's body is interred in the basement of Washington & Lee University chapel at Lexington.

The daughter of General Lee died at a health resort in North Carolina and not at Berkeley Springs, as you recently wrote.

"This is set forth in H. I. Kane's historical novel, 'The Lady of Arlington'. According to this book, Mrs. Lee suffered from a crippling rheumatism all her adult life. In order to get relief she would go to different health resorts or springs to bathe in the warm waters which seem to help her from time to time. It was during the war she journeyed to North Carolina, taking along her daughter Annie. There it was Annie contracted typhoid fever and died."

HERE'S the article about General Lee's funeral: "The funeral

will be held on October 14, 1870. I will here give only a brief account of the funeral, and that in order to mention the names of some of our most prominent citizens taking part in it. The procession for conveying the body from the residence to the Chapel will be formed today, Oct. 14, 1870, at half-past eleven o'clock. It will be in charge by Professor James J. White as chief marshal. The head of the procession will form at the Episcopal Church, fronting the street. The following is the order of the procession: Escorts of honor consisting of the officers and soldiers of the late Confederate Army, the Chaplain and other clergy; pall bearers with the body; trustees and faculty of Washington College; students of Washington College; visitors and faculty of Virginia Military Institute; Masons and Odd Fellows and citizens.

"THE FOLLOWING pallbearers were named: Judge F. T. Anderson, David E. Moore Sr., Ex-Governor John D. Letcher, Commodore Matthew F. Maury, Professor W. Preston Johnston, Professor John Randolph Tucker, William L. Prater and Edward P. Clark, students of Washington College, Captain J. C. Boude and Captain J. P. Moore, soldiers of the C.S.A., William G. White and Joseph G. Steele, and citizens of Lexington.

"At 12:30 p. m., the large procession which formed to escort the remains of our hero and late President of Washington College from his home to the College Chapel began to move with slow and solemn tread from in front of the President's home. The procession was very appropriately headed by former officers and soldiers of the Confederate Army, followed by the clergy, and after them came the corpse.

"Behind the hearse came Traveller, the noble grey horse, which had borne the departed chieftain through the dangers of the

greatest battles this continent had ever known. Traveller had been the General's favorite saddle horse and was led, covered with the sable trappings of mourning, the sole memorial of a splendid military career. . . .

"THE PROCESSION moved to solemn music furnished by the V.M.I. band, down Washington Street to Jefferson, up Jefferson to Franklin Hall and up Nelson to Main Street in front of the National Hotel where the ranks opened and the Committee from the Virginia Legislature, representatives of the faculty and student body of the University of Virginia, and other distinguished guests took their appointed places.

"Moving to the Court House it was joined by the body of citizens, and thus the long line moved slowly down to the Virginia Military Institute. Meanwhile all the bells were tolled. Minute guns were fired from the parapet of the V.M.I. In front of the V.M.I. the whole cadet corps was drawn up with 'Present, arms'. . . . Moving up to the College Chapel the front of the procession was then halted while the rear of the procession was still on the V.M.I. grounds.

"ON REACHING the chapel the corpse was taken from the hearse and borne to the chapel rostrum. The plate was next removed from the top of the casket and hundreds of those who loved him pressed forward to look at our hero for the last time. . . .

"The funeral service of the Episcopal Church was then read by General W. N. Pendleton, D.D., pastor of the church to which General Lee belonged. When the services were concluded the remains were conveyed to the vault in the basement of Lee Chapel, which chapel had been built under the supervision of General Lee a short time after he was made President of Washington College. Peace to his ashes!"

Robert E. Lee—II

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Shirley Donnelly is ill. The following column is reprinted from Nov. 12, 1963.)

By Shirley Donnelly

After writing about the famous Brady photograph of General Robert E. Lee that hangs in the Fayette County Historical Society headquarters at Ansted, it is hard to leave the subject of Lee alone. You see, Lee was stationed in Fayette County during the early part of the Civil War, the fall of 1861.



It is known that when he was encamped atop Big Sewell Mountain he scouted around some and was at the Old Stone House tavern of William Tyree a time. Now that the Old Stone House is being turned into a shrine it is planned to make one of the rooms a Confederate museum. Of all the notables whose halls in this structure echoed the footsteps of such men as Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Matthew Fontain, Maury, Thomas Hart Benton, Henry A. Wise, John B. Floyds, William S. Rosecranz, Daniel Webster, and a world of others, Lee is the one around whom most sentiment settles.

PREVIOUS TO THE outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, the regular army of the United States numbered only 15,000. This is about the size of a modern division, or it was when I was in the field as a soldier. That army up to 1859-60 had only five general officers. They were Scott, Wool, Harney, Twiggs and Joseph E. Johnston. This latter officer was only a brigadier general and was the quartermaster of the U.S. Army. General Johnston and Robert E. Lee had been classmates at West Point.

Incidentally, Lee was a soldier's soldier. Seldom was he familiar nor was he one with whom anyone might take liberties. General Joseph E. Johnston was the only soldier whom Lee called by his first name. Lee called him "Joe."

WHEN THE WAR broke out in 1861, Lee was only 54 years old. He had been a career soldier and had been in the regular U.S. Army for 32 years. He was a colonel in rank. It was a great tug at his heart when Virginia seceded from the Union and joined forces with the Confederacy. Yet Lee felt it his duty to go with his native state.

Arlington — his stately mansion overlooking the Potomac and Washington — was his home. There he arrived at his decision to resign from the U.S. Army and go with Virginia. His decision arrived at after wrestling over the matter for days and nights, next thing to do was to submit his resignation in writing. This was done as follows.

"Arlington,
Washington City,

P.O.
April 20, 1861.

Honorable Simon Cameron,
Secretary of War.

Sir:

for 32 years. He was a member of the Union and joined forces with the when Virginia seceded from the Union and joined forces with the Confederacy. Yet Lee felt it his duty to go with his native state. Arlington — his stately mansion overlooking the Potomac and Washington — was his home. There he arrived at his decision to resign from the U.S. Army and go with Virginia. His decision arrived at after wrestling over the matter for days and nights, next thing to do was to submit his resignation in writing. This was done as follows.

"Arlington,
Washington City,
P.O.
April 20, 1861.

Honorable Simon Cameron,
Secretary of War.
Sir:

I have the honor to tender the resignation of my commission as Colonel of the First Regiment of Cavalry.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. Lee, Colonel,
First Cavalry"

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN was a captain in the First Cavalry Regiment under Lee. McClellan had been a classmate of Stonewall Jackson at West Point in the class of 1846. When McClellan had the big Union army surrounding Richmond in 1862 in the effort to reduce the Confederate capital, Lee knew the weak points in McClellan. Lee knew how cautious McClellan was and that he would never give an order to advance "until the last mule was shod." This knowledge of one of his erstwhile company commanders gave Lee a great advantage and enabled him to capitalize on the cautious McClellan's movements.

AFTER HE BECAME president of Washington College — now Washington & Lee University — at Lexington, Va., Lee used to vacation at White Sulphur Springs. He would ride there from Lexington on Traveller, his famous war horse that was born in Blue Sulphur Springs district in Greenbrier County.

Both the General and Mrs. Lee were then afflicted with rheumatism, or arthritis, as the moderns have it today. In August, 1869, Lee was at The Old White. He tried to keep in the clear from the older men because all they wanted to talk about was the Civil War and politics. By that time it was seen Lee was growing frail. Pictures of him, there in 1869 show it. In Lee's last year he and General Joe Johnston were photographed. Johnston lived to be 84, Lee but 63. Both were 63 when this picture was made, Lee looking haggard.

On Oct. 12, 1870, Lee died, of cerebral exhaustion. His horse, Traveller, died in Lexington in the summer of 1872, of lockjaw caused by a nail in one of his forefeet. He was 15 years old.

Two soldiers led Traveller, riderless, behind the hearse when Lee was taken to be entombed in Washington & Lee Chapel. In the procession Traveller was covered with the sable traps of mourning.

Rare Find Lists Lee As College President

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

As this column is written there lies before me a bound copy of the 1869-70 catalogue of Washington College, Lexington, Va., of which Gen. Robert E. Lee was then president. It is a 72-page catalogue that was ordered printed by the 21 trustees of the little college.

When this catalogue was issued the Civil War had been over almost five years. General Lee, at the time this catalogue was printed, was only 62 years old. He died in 1870, the year after the catalogue was issued.



Lee had taken over the presidency of Washington College a few months after the war ended at Appottox, Va., on April 9, 1865. His salary was stated \$15.00 per year.

THIS CATALOGUE was secured for me by a rare book dealer some years ago. It had flimsy paper covers and was tied together by a string that was threaded through two holes and tied in bowtie fashion.

Lest the pages came loose and get torn or lost, it was sent to a firm in Cincinnati which specializes in binding to have it "bound for the future."

It is now bound in hardboard covers, with cloth over the boards. The cloth is a confederate gray in color. This catalogue is one of the treasures of the library where much of my writing is done when able to go to the library.

THERE WERE 344 students enrolled at Washington College in the session of 1869-1870. One of them was Charles Edward McCulloch, Pt. Pleasant, W.Va., an early relative of Beckley's present mayor John Howard McCulloch.

Another student was J.B. Menager of Pt. Pleasant. When a high school student at Charleston I worked in the bakery and confectionary store of Cablink Brothers on Capital Street.

J.B. Menager, then a Charleston attorney and a gray haired man in his early 70's, was a regular customer in the store. He was the only one of the 1869-70 students at Washington College I ever knew.

IN 1869-70, General Lee had a faculty of 19 professors and assistant professors. All but four had masters' degrees. There was a well balanced curriculum in the little college which had students from 22 states, one from the District of Columbia, and one from France.

There were 12 students from West Virginia. The only states which fought Lee in the Civil War and which sent students to this college were those of New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, Indiana, New Jersey, Ohio, and Pennsylvania. In 1869 - 70, there were 77 students from Virginia, Kentucky had 29.

THE ONLY teacher under Lee in his last year of life, whom I knew was Milton W. Humphreys. Humphreys was assistant professor of Latin and Greek.

In 1869, Humphreys, a native of Greenbrier County was only 26 years old. He was born Sept. 15, 1844 and served throughout the Civil War as a teenager. In his latter years he spent his summers in the home of his niece, Mrs. E.W. Johnson, a few doors from my home. I got to know him well quite.

Poor old bird-brained me, I failed to question Humphreys about Lee and the others at the college where he taught. As a lad of 19, in 1863, Humphreys devised indirect artillery fire near Fayetteville, the

first time it was ever employed in warfare. For 25 years, Humphreys taught Greek at the University of Greece, after he left Washington College, now Washington and Lee University.

Most of the time I talked with Dr. Humphreys our conversation centered on Greek instead of my spending it more profitably on history, a wasted opportunity.

STRONG emphasis was laid on religion in Washington College under General Lee. Religious services were held every morning in the college chapel by clergymen of the Lexington churches in rotation.

Students were required to attend the chapel service and were expected to attend the church of their choice at least once on Sunday.

General Lee attended all college examinations. All cases of irregularity received his personal attention. Before any penalty was assessed against a student for college infractions, the student was hauled before President Lee.

Flagrant offenses were dealt with summarily. Students who "cut" classes were expelled. No student was permitted to leave town during the session of the college without permission of the president.

Little or no monkeying around was allowed at Washington College in those days of 105 years ago.

Jack Anderson



Yesterday And Today—

University Wanted General Lee

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

There has reached my desk a copy of the *Washington & Lee University Bulletin* Vol. VI, No. 3, July 1907. It is the Lee Centennial Number that was issued on the centennial of the birth of Gen. R. E. Lee (1807-1870).

In this issue of the university bulletin is the story of how General Lee became a college president. His bachelor of science degree was earned at West Point Military Academy but Lee was hired to head Washington College at Lexington, Va., because of his prestige as general of the Confederate Army in the Civil War.



At Appomattox the 1861-65 blood-letting war ground to a dead end. All the Confederate states, particularly Virginia, which was the cockpit in the four year struggle, were economically prostrate.

Lee had no job, was unemployed and Washington college was a wreck. On August 4, 1865 the board of trustees met. Faculty members were invited as interested spectators.

Several outstanding men were placed in nomination for the presidency of the ravaged school. Col. Bolivar Christian brought up Lee's name. Lee was nominated by Colonel Christian after the other Board members said what a great thing it would be if General Lee could be induced to take the job.

Every Board member voted for the Confederate chieftain. Then there arose the question of "Who will bell the cat?"

JUDGE Brockenbaugh, rector of the college, was chosen to contact Lee. He was a man of courtly manners and fine appearance. He had been a federal judge of the western district of Virginia and had, for many years, conducted a flourishing law school at Lexington.

Now that the war had ruined most all

of Virginia, the famed judge was broke and did not have a decent suit of clothes to his name. But he would go see General Lee if he could borrow a suit and get enough money to make the trip to Powhatan County, Va., where Lee was then residing. A suit was borrowed and money was accepted from a woman who had sold her tobacco crops that fall.

Lee accepted the offer to head the college on condition that he would not be required to give instruction to classes. Salary was \$1,500 per year. On Sept. 18, 1865, General Lee rode into Lexington on "Traveller," his famous war horse. Lee headed the school until 1870 when he died at age 63.

CHARLES E. McCulloch, a progenitor of Mayor John Howard McCulloch of Beckley was a student at Washington College the last two years of General Lee's presidency. McCulloch was a student in the schools of Latin, Greek and mathematics.

His grades in Greek and Latin were listed as "tolerable" and "fair" in mathematics. Statement of McCulloch's "Report for the month ending 30th of October, 1869" was issued "By order of the President (and signed by) J. M. Leech, Clerk of the Faculty."

The only student of Washington College under the presidency of Lee whom I ever talked to J. B. Menager. When I knew him he was an old man. That war around 1912-15 when he would come

into Cablish Brothers Bakery and Confectionary store at Charleston when I worked there after school hours. He was a lawyer, as I remember.

THAT REPORT card of Charley McCulloch's Washington College grades was mailed to "Jno. McCulloch, Esq., Point Pleasant, W. Va." It was mailed at Lexington, Va., Nov. 9, 1869. The envelope carried an embossed 3-cent stamp which bore the bust of Washington.

Dr. Milton W. Humphreys was the last surviving member of Lee's faculty. He spent his summers in the 1920's in Oak Hill as the guest of his niece, Mrs. Ernest Johnson, one of my nearest neighbors. I got to know him fairly w

Our Readers

Doctor's Theorize On Jackson's Death

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

After writing a column or two about the way Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, staunch Presbyterian that he was, supported his church financially, I got the great West Virginia military genius on my mind and can't get him off just yet.



Dr. Thomas Cary Johnson, one of my old professors, was a protege of Dr. Robert L. Dabney, noted theological scholar of the Southern

Presbyterian Church. Dr. Dabney had served in the Confederate army and was for a time "Stonewall" Jackson's chief-of-staff. In this second hand — or third hand — way, a lot was heard about Jackson in Dr. Johnson's classes.

Dabney was so fully convinced that the Confederate States nation was of divine intent that when the Confederacy collapsed before the weight of the Union army, he all but lost his faith in God.

Dr. Johnson was born in Monroe County (Fishhook hill section) before Virginia was rent in twain in 1863, but he would never say he was born in West Virginia. He insisted he was born in Monroe County, Va.

THE BATTLE OF Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, was by far the greatest victory won by Lee in the Civil War. It was the masterpiece of both Lee and Jackson.

In my days in uniform, one of my army assignments was to lecture on the Chancellorsville campaign in general and the noted engagement in particular. Study of and research on the subject led me to traverse, on foot, practically every square foot of the area over which the battle was

fought.

It was always with a feeling of immense melancholy that I would walk the spot where Jackson was mortally wounded by his own men when they fired on him and his party, mistaking them to be a unit of Union cavalry. It was shortly after nightfall on Saturday, May 2, 1863, that the irreparable loss to the Confederate army occurred.

FOLLOWING HIS being wounded, the Confederate army medics carried their wounded chieftain on a stretcher to the nearest first aid station on the hard fought field. In the darkness and in the brush where he fell, the wounded general was awkwardly carried out.

One of the stretcher bearers stumbled and fell, causing Jackson to be hurtled downward, an accident that caused the famous casualty great pain. It was that dropping of General Jackson, said Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's chief-of-medical staff, that caused an inflammation of the lungs that was to issue into pneumonia.

Dr. McGuire operated on the fallen leader and amputated his left arm. Here in the library, where this writing is done is Dr. McGuire's case history of his most noted patient.

In that report, Dr. McGuire relates all about the operation and the steps and procedure he followed in the operation. It is very interesting, even to the lay mind.

IN THE FLOOD of years since May, 1863, various medical authorities have taken occasion to write about what they think caused Jackson's demise.

One of the medical officers who assisted Dr. McGuire in amputating Jackson's left arm and in the subsequent treatment of the general, was Dr. John

Walter Ramsey of Clarksburg, where Jackson was born in 1823.

Dr. Ramsey once told George Osborne about the Jackson case. In a letter to Osborn is the story that Dr. Ramsey told him."

"Stonewall" was a fanatic in two matters. He was a religious fanatic and he was fanatically devoted to cold baths. Before Dr. McGuire left him on the evening of May 6, he asked Dr. McGuire if he might have Jim, his body servant, give him a cold bath.

"No, general!" Dr. McGuire replied, "a cold bath now might kill you."

Not long after Dr. McGuire had gone to sleep, however, the general called Jim and directed him to soak a sheet in a bucket of cold water, wring it out, and wrap it around him. Jim objected as sturdily as he could, but was overridden and so did as ordered.

NEXT MORNING, pneumonia had set in on the general. In their morning conference Dr. Ramsey told Dr. McGuire, "He will die on the third day, sir!" On the third day Jackson did die as Dr. Ramsey said!

In the intervening years, another noted physician who had studied Jackson's case, gave out with the theory that a blood clot was what took the general away.

It was the theory of Dr. L. W. Gorham of up New York way that there was a clot in one of the blood vessels in Jackson's lungs. Dr. Gorham avers that there was fluid in the lungs that finally led to the formation of a large lung clot that caused the Confederate general's death.

Some day I would like to talk to Dr. Dudley C. ("Buck") Ashton of Beckley about his thoughts on the subject of Jackson's death. Dr. Ashton was a major in the Medical Corps in World War II.

Jackson Fanatic On Church, Cold Bath

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The fact that most churches are engaged in December in the task of getting their financial budget for the ensuing year subscribed by their members reminds me of a story in the church life of Confederate Gen. T. J. "Stonewall" Jackson.



Jackson, a native of West Virginia territory, was a Presbyterian in his faith and a religious fanatic by nature.

At the time of this story, he was a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Lexington, Va., which used a different fiscal year than the calendar year.

SOON AFTER the First Battle of Bull Run in July, 1861, the members of Jackson's church were all in a dither because their sons and neighbors were known to have been in that bloody engagement on the sweltering hot Sunday when the battle was fought.

Everyone was anxious for details of the conflict. At last there came a letter from Jackson, who had been a

Virginia Military Institute professor until the outbreak of the Civil War.

Holding high the letter in Jackson's own handwriting, the minister announced, "Gather around and I shall read you the news." At once the crowd grew quiet as the preacher began to read the letter.

It ran: "My dear Pastor: In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I failed to send you my contribution for our colored Sunday School. Enclosed you will find my check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience, and oblige, Yours faithfully, T. J. Jackson."

IN JACKSON'S letter there was not the slightest mention about the bloody battle of the day when Jackson won his historic sobriquet of "Stonewall."

He only referred to the experience of the day's combat as "a fatiguing day's service." However, he remembered his church pledge!

In later years, Jackson's noted church pledge letter fell into the hands of Dr. Douglas Freeman, the great biographer, whose four-volume life of Lee

won him world wide acclaim.

JACKSON WAS a fanatic on religion and also fanatically devoted to a cold bath. In the Civil War he was accompanied by his personal servant named Jim.

After Jackson was mortally wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, he was attended by Dr. Hunter McGuire, who amputated Jackson's shattered left arm.

Jackson asked Dr. McGuire if he might have Jim give him a cold bath. Dr. McGuire told Jackson that a cold bath might kill him.

After Dr. McGuire retired, General Jackson called Jim and told him to get a bucket of cold water and soak a sheet in it. Then he directed Jim to wring the water out of the sheet and wrap that sheet around him.

Jim demurred but at last obeyed the general's order. The next morning it was plain to be seen that pneumonia had set in on the wounded Confederate leader.

Three days later, there at Guinea Station in Virginia, Jackson passed over the river of life to rest in the shade of the trees on the other side of this world!

8/18/72

Mother Of Jackson Died At Ansted

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

James had it about right when he said life is "even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away" (James 4:14).

This is what came to mind while officiating at the funeral of Carl L. Hess (Dec. 18, 1895 - Aug. 6, 1972) of Ansted.



It is written in the Bible that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life" (Genesis 2:7). Yes, and when that breath of life ceases, as Carl L. Hess found, man is dead! That breath is what keeps him going!

WHEN HESS was born at Ansted, it had been but 64 years since Mrs. Julia Beckwith Neale Jackson Woodson (Feb. 28, 1798 - Dec. 3, 1831), mother of General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, famous Confederate General, died at Ansted.

She is buried in historic Westlake Cemetery on the mountainside overlooking the center of the little town of our day.

Following the death of her first husband, Jonathan Jackson, Mrs. Jackson was married to Elako B. Woodson, an attorney, at Clarksburg, on Nov. 30, 1820. Upon the formation of Fayette County in 1831, Woodson was appointed clerk of the newly-created shire.

This necessitated the removal of the family to Fayette County, the seat of justice of which then was located at New Haven in Mountain Cove Magisterial District.

IT WAS AT Ansted, not then called by that name, that Mrs. Woodson gave birth on Oct. 7, 1831, to a son named Wirt Woodson. Child delivery then was not what it is today, with the result that infection set in and exacted the toll of the 33-year-old mother's life.

The funeral of Mrs. Woodson was conducted by the Rev. Dr. John McElhenney, storied minister of the Old Stone Church at Lewisburg.

There's a legend that when the funeral cortege was winding its way along the James River and Kanawha Turnpike to God's Acre, it was overtaken by a stage coach going east to Washington. The driver of the coach was asked to halt.

A distinguished looking man stepped out of the stage coach and expressed sympathy to the bereaved husband. That traveler was President Andrew Jackson, who had been to Charleston and was on his way to Washington.

The next stop made by the coach was the Old Stone House where "Old Hickory," as the guest of Col. William Tyree, rested and refreshed himself.

WHEN CARL L. HESS was born at Ansted, it had been exactly 105 years since a baker's dozen of "squatters" had organized the Hopewell

Baptist Church there. It was the first church of any faith or denomination in what now is Fayette County.

They left no written records of the church for the probable reason that they could not write.

Baptists in Virginia never began to make much progress along intellectual lines, it is said, until they got the Presbyterians to read to them!

Hopewell Church has long since been re-organized. In the Hess family burial ground, not far from the present meeting house of the Hopewell Baptist Church, is where Carl L. Hess was laid to rest.

WHEN THAT worthy was born in 1895, it had been but 25 years since Col. George W. Imboden (June 25, 1836 - Jan. 8, 1922) had come to Ansted to make his fortune.

He had been a colonel in command of a Confederate Infantry Regiment in the Civil War. He was at Gettysburg with his command in that three-day blood-letting struggle.

When Lee retreated from Gettysburg early on July 4, 1863, he commanded Colonel Imboden to employ his regiment in covering the Confederate retreat. I have seen the actual written order that was signed "R. E. Lee."

When the colonel passed to Valhalla, while Carl L. Hess was 27, they laid the redoubtable old Confederate veteran to rest in Westlake Cemetery only a few steps from where "Stonewall" Jackson's mother sleeps.

Jan 11, 1978

Meredith Burgess

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

As this column is written on Jan. 5, I find myself in a reminiscent mood because today I conclude 55 years of established residence at Oak Hill. Today I can number on the thumbs of my two weather beaten hands the middle aged adult people who trudged the muddy streets of Oak Hill when I came here to stay.

Looking ahead, 55 years is a long time but in a backward glance they seem like a tale that is told.

I am not an old codger by degree but candor compels me to admit that I've been around a long time! If you're getting older it's a sign you are still living, you know! Today I'm thinking about an old timer I met when I reared an altar and pitched my tent at Oak Hill on Jan. 5, 1923.



THAT OLD fellow was an old — rather young — Civil War veteran who as a teenager served in the Confederate army. He was Meredith (Babe) Burgess, (June 10, 1847 - Aug. 2, 1924), a blacksmith by trade. When he wore the grey uniform in the 1861 - 65 struggle he was a bugler and drummer.

As the village smithy, Meredith Burgess had a small log blacksmith shop past Oak Hill in the little vale between his home and the home of the John Logan family. It faced on the Old Scabro road. I used to drop in at the shop and talk a time with those who sat around passing the time of day.

As a blacksmith is always a dirty place, one that is seldom, if ever, swept out, the Burgess was no exception. It was the last shop I ever saw whose fires were enlivened with a leather bellows. It was operated by a lever using power, and made the coal fire on the furnace get - up - and - go!

NOTES ON the Meredith Burgess family were made and filed. As I knew several of his people, those notes are of interest today because most of the family have long since gone the way of all flesh. In my time it fell to me to officiate at the funerals of a number of them.

Meredith Burgess was born at Cotton Hill on June 10, 1847 — a Thursday — when James K. Polk was president and his war with Mexico was raging. Twice was Meredith Burgess married. His first wife was a Miss Jane Blake, whom he married in 1862. After bearing 11 children — four boys and seven girls — Mrs. Jane Blake Burgess died in 1897.

The second wife of Meredith Burgess was the former Victoria Fink Phillips (Oct. 14, 1861 - Oct. 9, 1938). She bore her husband two sons, Basil Shiner Burgess and Opal Ashland Burgess, and one daughter, Hazel Lena Burgess.

THOSE 11 children of Meredith Burgess by his first wife were Richard Edward, Charles Wheeler, Henry Wallace, and Sonny — the four sons, and the following seven daughters, Anna Florence, Malinda Belle, Rose Arminta, Cora Sue, Lucy Mae, Hattie Ethel and Gussie Laura.

Some of the 11 Burgess children I knew quite well. One that I knew was Rose Arminta Burgess (Jan. 31, 1876 - Jan. 1, 1936). She and Joseph Clark (1862 - March 5, 1936) were married in 1889.

Another of the Meredith Burgess daughters I knew was Cora Sue Burgess (July 27, 1878 - Feb. 23, 1939). She was born at Sanger on the waters of Meadow Fork Creek. She was 16 years of age when she and J. Edward Blake (June 27, 1878 - Jan. 20, 1936) were married on Feb. 14, 1894. Cora and Ed Blake had two children, Melba Blake, who married Cecil Frants, and Lucy Lee Blake, who died in infancy. Lucy Lee is buried in the Jones graveyard on the face of the mountain overlooking the Llewellyn Jones plantation. She was named "Lee" after Dr. C. B. Lee.

For years and up until the time of his death, J. Ed Blake operated the Lundale Farm for the C. T. Jones family.

MARRIAGES OF the children in the first family of Meredith Burgess included these: Anna Florence Burgess and Thomas Treadway in 1885. She died Jan. 31, 1889. Malinda Belle Burgess and Henry Treadway in 1889. Her death was Dec. 10, 1924. Hattie Ethel Burgess and Charles Reece in 1902. She died Aug. 25, 1935, and in 1912 Gussie Laura Burgess married Ira Crowder. One of the daughters, Lucy Mae, never married. She died in Feb. 1897.

More of the old Confederate veteran's family history, come tomorrow.

Railroad Spurred Settlement

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Railroad buffs are aware that this year, 1977, is the sesquicentennial of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

It was in 1827 — 150 years ago — a group of businessmen in Baltimore got their heads together and decided to build a 380-mile railroad from Baltimore to the Ohio River.

They were out to get the lucrative business which was to be had from the pioneer settlements in present day West Virginia and the area west of the Alleghany mountain in general.

There were 25 of those business men who met in February, 1830 to plan the projected railroad.



SOMETHING had to be done, they figured, because Richmond, the business rival of Baltimore, was bidding for the same western trade. Day set for the breaking of the ground on the rail job was July 4, 1828 — a Friday, the day of the week which superstitious persons say is a bad luck day on which to start anything new!

Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Md., (1737 - 1832) was selected to do the honors at the ground breaking and the laying of the symbolic stone. He was the last surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence.

BY DECEMBER 1834 the road was opened to Harpers Ferry, 81 miles west of Baltimore. By Nov. 5, 1842 the line had reached Cumberland, Maryland. It was at that time the work of constructing the railroad began on both sides of the mountains.

It was a vast undertaking for the times but on Dec. 24, 1852, "the golden spike" was driven, thus completing the road. On Jan. 1, 1853, the president of the road and his guests from Maryland and Virginia stood on the banks of the Ohio river at Wheeling having been brought there by the first through train over the B & O R.R.

That was the first train to reach the

Ohio from the Atlantic Ocean.

AS IN EVERY venture some shady deals are pulled off.

When the Civil War broke out, leaders in the formation of West Virginia formed what they called the Reorganized Government of Virginia. That rump organization continued until it divided the state of Virginia.

On June 20, 1863, the new State of West Virginia was admitted to the Union as the 35th state. It was a Civil War measure used to bolster sagging Northern morale. Thereby hangs a tail.

Virginia had two counties left in what is now the Eastern Panhandle of West Virginia. — Berkeley and Jefferson counties. People in those counties wanted to remain with the Mother State but the B & O heads knew the orad would be hurting taxwise if Virginia retained those two shires.

THE ASSEMBLY of the Reorganized Government of Virginia voted on Jan. 31, 1863 to let West Virginia have Berkeley County. On March 4, 1863, the

Assembly voted Jefferson County to West Virginia. But the people of those two counties were told that they could vote on which state they would be in.

On August 5, 1863, Berkeley was admitted to West Virginia, and Jefferson on Nov. 2, that year. Those elections were held under Union army pressure, with bayonets, so to speak, at the backs of the voters! History purists have held that those two counties were stolen from Virginia under the manipulation and prodding by the B & O people!

HAD IT not been for the B & O the North would have had a longer war than the 1861-65 struggle. It was the B & O R.R., that carried foodstuffs to feed the Union armies and the Union army states.

Cyrus W. McCormick (1800-1884) of Rockbridge County, Va., invented the grain reaper in 1831, which machine harvested the grain crops of the west. It was the work of the reaper and the B & O transporting wheat and other grains east that enabled the Union army to travel on its belly!

Ford Corrects 110-Year-Old Oversight

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Once upon a time in my good old days I came upon an expressive injunction to "give them their roses while they live." That old saying came to mind when it was told me that President Ford had signed, on Aug. 5, 1975, the Congressional Resolution restoring citizenship to Gen. Robert E. Lee.



That bit of legislation served to correct a 110-year oversight in American history, according to President Ford. However, correcting of the oversight did precious little good to General Lee himself whose image continues to grow with every passing year. Someone once said that "a eulogy spoken when a heart is broken is an empty thing at best," or words to that effect. It is held by many that a rose bestowed upon a person when its fragrance can be sniffed is far better than when a whole wreath of them is laid upon the body when it is all — a strut with pink embalming fluid. I buy that.

LEE, HAD signed an oath of allegiance with his request to President Andrew Johnson, but the oath, in ways past finding out, got lost — or was purposely lost — in the Reconstruction era in Washington, thus leaving General Lee "unreconstructed" as far as published history was concerned.

Lee died in 1870, a comparative-young man at age of 63. He was wounded in the Mexican War in the battle of Chapultepec. When the Civil War engulfed the land in 1861 and Virginia seceded from the union, Lee followed his native state into the Confederacy. That was what cost him his citizenship in the United States.

In 1862, Lee was given the command of the Army of Northern Virginia. It was his leadership of that army that won him worldwide acclaim. While it was his military genius that made Robert E. Lee famous, it was his personal character that made the man great.

His greatest victory was that of Chancellorsville on May 2-3, 1963, where "Stonewall" Jackson was mortally wounded and lost to Lee. Chancellorsville was followed by the invasion of Pennsylvania where Lee was defeated at Gettysburg.

HAD JACKSON been with Lee at Gettysburg the story of that engagement might have had a different ending. But in my opinion, the battle of Antietam was the one that sealed the fate of the Confederacy. While the battle of Antietam was a draw, it crippled Lee's army because so many men were lost whom Lee could not replace.

When the Civil War ended in April, 1865, Lee accepted the presidency of Washington College,

Lexington, Va., now Washington and Lee University.

One of the treasured items in my library is the 1869-70 catalogue of Washington College showing "General Ronert E. Lee, President." I know one of Lee's professors. He was Milton N. Humphreys. As a boy in Charleston I knew some of those who were Lee's students. When I knew them they were men well up in years but they had been students under the noted confederate general. Those students and Professor Humphreys were my closest connections with General Lee.

A MEMBER of Congress who knew of my interest in the Civil War had made for me a remarkable photograph from the original plate taken by Matthew Brady at Lee's home in Richmond four days after he surrendered at Appomattox on April 9. In this picture — 24 x 18 - lee is wearing the same uniform worn when he surrendered, albeit he is not wearing the sash he wore when he tendered his sword to General Grant on April 9th.

This is a remarkable photograph, judged by highest standards of photography. It was made and framed and sent to me by a congressman from other than my district.

Lee and I are the same size — six feet tall and weighing 185 pounds. However, Lee wore a 7 1/2 size shoe, whereas mine are friendly 11 1/2 in size!

Donnelly Reprint —

Adds Civil War Cannon Ball To Museum

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

My Civil War cannon ball collection was increased on January 23, when Victor Warden of Beckley brought me a solid shot that will weigh at least a pound. This iron missile was found on the property of Mrs. L.M. Jones on Scott Avenue in Beckley some time ago. Plainly it is a shot of the Civil War era and is, therefore, at least one hundred years old.



ROBERT HURLEY, History teacher at Montgomery High School, has sent me a story that is another tragedy of the trail in the Danese area in the days of long ago. Hurley tells the tale that centers in an old cemetery near Springdale.

This is an isolated burial ground, according to the Montgomery man. There are only four tombs in it. It is on the farm of the late Bartholomew Twohig. However, this farm is now owned by the McClintock family, according to my informant. It is located about one hundred yards north of the Old State Road. Located on the Old State Road at that time was an old inn, or stage stand, as an inn was often called.

A FAMILY of four stopping at the stage inn, were stricken with smallpox. The father and mother and two children all succumbed.

All the remains of the old inn today is a pile of rock. Two of the graves in this lonely cemetery face north and south but the other two extend east and west.

Little is known concerning this tragedy that was enacted in the Springdale vicinity on the Old State Road which was authorized in 1786 to be built by the Virginia Assembly.

NOT LONG AGO this column carried the story of the lone grave on an Old State Road site near

Danese. Some emigrants stopped there one day, probably to cook a meal. There was an infant in the family and they let the child down on the ground. It crawled under the heavy wagon and was crushed to death when the horses moved about and pulled the heavy wheels over the little one.

Crushed to death in the lonely region, there was nothing to do but bury the baby on the side of the trail. This was done and that lone grave is kept in good order to this day along the highway in the Green Valley settlement a mile or so east of Danese. Perhaps there are other tragedies people have heard about from them of old time, tragedies of the trail long since known in this area as the Old State Road.

IN OLDEN TIMES when smallpox killed whoever contracted it, the victims were buried night time in graves off by themselves. There are some such graves on the old mountain top road that runs from Oak Hill to Sanger just beyond the end of the hard road on Pea Ridge. Those smallpox victims were buried at night. Why did they bury smallpox victims at night?

One such person was buried about fifty feet south of the old graveyard around Oak Hill Methodist Church. Judge W.A. Riffe once told me that it was a man by the name of Riffe who died of smallpox and was there buried. This grave was dug into when the late Frank Butler dug a foundation for a building on that spot.

It is the kind of solid iron ball that was fired from a rifled cannon. With a heavy charge of black powder behind it such a cannon ball spread death and disaster wherever it struck. This old cannon ball measures two and one half inches in diameter. However, it runs in my mind that to arrive at the circumference of a sphere like this cannon ball is, all one has to do is multiply the diameter by 3.1416, or "pi", as we Greeks express it. In this case the circumference would be 7.415 inches, wouldn't it?

This cannon ball does not look as if it was ever fired from a cannon. Guess some careless artillerymen left it on the ground where his gun was set, or else it could have jostled out of a wagon of some ammunition company as the wagon was driven over rough ground.

7/16/74

Youths In 'Bloody Angle' Battle

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

An addict of this column, Mrs. Don C. Williams of Rt. 1, Beckley, writes that, "Each time you write about the Civil War I promise



myself that I will ask you about the battle of 'Bloody Angle'.

"I have a map somewhere that shows it in just about

the center of the battle grounds around Fredricksburg. While in Virginia a few years ago we toured the places and at this place there was no guide to tell us anything. There was a large monument that said the battle was fought until the last man was dead on both sides.

"I remember that most of the Union Army casualties were from Ohio. Every man that was killed there was listed."

FEW ENGAGEMENTS were bloodier than the struggle in May, 1864, between U. S. army units and those of the C.S.A. forces, in "the Bloody Angle."

Fredericksburg, Va., claimed by its residents as "America's most historic city", was less than eight miles from "the Bloody Angle" battle or "The Mule Shoe" as some call it. That battle site was in a left-angle triangle. To the southwest of it ran the Brock Road, Branching off the road and running in a

northeasterly direction was the Fredericksburg Road.

Sweeping around the "Bloody Angle" in a waving curve was the small NY river which the Fredericksburg Road crosses between the Brock Road and Fredericksburg. In that roughly defined location, in the shape of "a mule shoe", was where the fierce battle raged.

SPOTTSYLVANIA Court House stood at the intersection of the Brock and the Fredericksburg Road. Gen. Jubal Early, Confederate corps commander, drew criticism for the way he handled his men in the "Bloody Angle" fighting. Such criticism was with hindsight. A Confederate division of casualties fell in the "Bloody Angle."

Lee's army had been crippled at Antietam and immeasurably weakened at Gettysburg. At the fighting around Spottsylvania Court House it was shattered to a frightening degree, more than was realized then.

Fully 5,000 Confederates were killed or wounded in one day's fighting, including the cream of Lee's men. They were irreplaceable. Union losses were higher.

It was said that of the 3,560 wounded Union soldiers that not more than one in four was able to ambulate to the field hospitals.

That battle at Spottsylvania Court House was the beginning of the Wilderness Campaign where General Grant grimly declared he was going to slug it out with Lee's army "if it takes all summer" —

the summer of 1864. Fighting in the "Bloody Angle" was during a wet spell.

AT THE beginning of the Wilderness Campaign the Confederate Army was up against an adversary that was stronger. Shortly thereafter, Jeb Stuart was to fall at Yellow Tavern. Loss of that cavalry leader was comparable to the loss of "Stonewall" Jackson at Chancellorsville.

Grant's new cavalry commander was the 124-pound Gen. Philip Sheridan, little but powerful. He had well-fed men and strong mounts. Union cavalry was the strongest ever.

Lee's cavalry horses were thin and poorly fed. Sheridan's force, though, had its match.

YEARS AGO when I was housed in Richmond, the antique bug had not bitten everybody and his brother as it has today. Richmond was running over with Civil War items picked up on the battlefields of Virginia and brought to Richmond to be sold to Civil War buffs.

One day I bought a number of Union Army brass belt buckles that had been brought from Fredericksburg battle grounds.

Some of those belt buckles are in my museum.

They were picked up in the "Bloody Angle" and the "Mule Shoe" area. Those who fell there were mostly youths. The average age of the "boy in blue" was 19. His foe, "the boy in grey" averaged 18.

First Hinton Grave Was For Peddler

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

An old story with a Summers County background turned up the other day during some rummaging through clippings that bear upon days that are past and gone. It tells of the first grave ever dug at Hinton.

This old item was told by the late C. C. Huntley of Richmond, who helped build the Big Bend tunnel on the C & O a few miles east of the Summers County seat. He ran a hoisting engine in 1870 when they were drilling the tunnel through the mountain.

Huntley came to Hinton when the settlement was in its swaddling clothes in 1870, more than 100 years ago.

HINTON'S FIRST interment was near what used to be called the Second Baptist Church, the meeting house of the colored element at Avis — old name of Hinton.

In the country store of a business man named Ridgeway, a pack peddler and a man known as Ashby met. In the course of their talking together, Ashby talked the peddler into going with him "over the hill"

— likely the hill on which the Hinton Cemetery is located — to see his women folks.

The suggestion seems to have suited the unsuspecting peddler and he readily agreed to accompany Ashby. The peddler made a bad mistake. He was never seen alive after the jaunt on which he and Ashby started.

A FEW DAYS after Ashby and his victim left the Ridgeway store, the body of the peddler was found by Ridgeway's children. In the hollow below the Hill Top graveyard, the children saw the dead man covered over with brush and trash.

After Ashby got back from the planned trip, on which he induced the peddler to go with him, it was noticed he was spending money like the proverbial "drunken sailor." It was common knowledge that he never had any money before that time. It was wondered where he got the money he was throwing around.

Then when the peddler failed to show up and his dead body was found, the accusing finger was pointed to Ashby. He was arrested and charged with murder. He was jailed but escaped and never again was he heard of or seen.

SPEAKING OF crime in our

by D. J. [unclear]

neighboring political subdivision, James A. Martin, 429 Main Street, Oak Hill, reader of this column and Oak Hill banker, used to live at Hinton.

When he was a broth of a boy, there was a crime committed over there that led to the lynching of a black man.

Jim Martin and some other boys were running around on the hill above Hinton when they suddenly came upon the lynch-party's victim swinging from the limb of a tree. The Oak Hill business man remembers the gruesome find to this day.

GOING THROUGH Prince recently, I got to thinking about the family of men for whom that settlement on the main line of the C & O got its name. There were a number of the Prince brothers, Isaac C. Prince, Alfred Prince, Henry Prince and William Prince, as they are recalled.

On Aug. 15, 1928, I think it was, William Prince (1847 - 1928) passed away. His case is remembered because he was a brave Confederate soldier.

When he was only 17 years old, the Civil War broke out. His sympathies being with the Southern cause, young William Prince cast his lot with the Confederacy.

He was in the thick of a lot of the fighting but was captured and sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, the Union army prison. There he languished for 16 miserable months before being paroled.

UPON RELEASE from the prison camp, Prince, then penniless, returned to Raleigh County to start life all over again at the age of about 18.

For the next 60 years and more, William Prince labored unstintingly to get ahead in the world of affairs. When he quit the commerce of earth at the age of 81, and passed to his eternal rest, they buried him in Wildwood Cemetery, Beckley. He was survived by his wife, a daughter and two sons.

Many Early Post Offices Disappearing

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

In the lackluster effort to make ends meet and get the baby shoes, my travels quite frequently carry me to areas off the beaten path and far from the arterial highways of commerce.

Some of the pathetic sights one sees on such jaunts are the weathered signs of the buildings of discontinued post offices.

As everybody and his brother can tell you, there has been a ceaseless movement of the population of the rural areas of West Virginia counties from the farm to the cities in the effort to get bread.

MANY AN OLD post office, once the point in the county where people met and mingled, is no more. Once it was the center of a prosperous and populous farming neighborhood.

Such offices, like us old soldiers, are rapidly fading away! Here and there the buildings that once housed the post offices have been torn down or have fallen into decay



and disuse.

It used to be the common practice to house the community post office in the country store at the cross roads or forks of the creek. There it was in easy reach of the patrons who came to trade at the store and pick up the mail at the same time.

MANY OFFICES are no longer visible on the landscape. They exist only in the golden memories of aging sons and daughters who once, in a more peaceful and rustic day, called those now-depopulated communities and hamlets "home."

Often such persons return on a sentimental pilgrimage to the scenes of their childhood, where in the period of "the old oaken bucket that hung in the well" they once loved to roam.

Instead of such a journey renewing their youth like that of the eagles, it depresses them to see everything quiet and still.

No longer do they hear the voices of children that once sounded like the songs of birds. Nor do they see the old familiar faces which have long since gone, all gone, to where the woodbine twineth!

ONE DAY WHEN a mission carried me to a remote settlement where they still have a little-used post office, a stop was made to see if a \$2 book of stamps could be bought.

In reality, the purpose of the pause on the way was to have a look-see at the shabby little office in the long-vacant store building. The chubby woman who was the postmaster was asked how business was.

"Not much any more. People have all moved away from here. Yesterday was a typical day. I sold only two eight-cent stamps," she said.

By the way, there is no such thing as a "postmistress." The keeper of a post office, even though a woman, is "postmaster" and always that!

MERE MENTION of the discontinued post offices calls to mind the mail carrier out our way in the dear dead days beyond recall. The man who carried the mail from Ripley to Rock Castle in Jackson County during the first decade of this century was Gaston Blankenship.

He was then well up in years, having been a Confederate soldier in the Civil War. In his family were a number of sons who "spelled" the old mail carrier when he was unable to make the trip.

He carried the mail on horseback. Travel in winter was an ordeal but since the mail's gotta go though, the old fellow who wore the grey in the 1861-65 blood-letting experience of our nation was used to the rigors of service in the field. He carried the mail six days a week.

Years ago he passed to Valhalla, where his comrades in the 60th Virginia Infantry Regiment have long since held rendezvous. He is buried at Rock Castle in the Barnett Cemetery.

IN OLDEN TIMES, post offices in West Virginia counties were named after the court house. In Beckley it was called Raleigh Court House. In Fayette County the office at Fayetteville of today was known as Fayette Court House. At Ripley, in the old county of my birth, it was called Jackson Court House.

After 1885, the arrangement of calling county seat post offices after the county court house was discontinued.

Some days ago, an envelope bearing post mark of "Fayette C. H." and postmarked 1861 was seen. It was mailed there by Capt. W. D. Thurmond (1820-1910) of Civil War distinction to his wife, who had gone to a Virginia county to escape the ravages of the war. It was the only such post mark of that office I ever saw.

9/13/72

8/7/72

Funeral Home Once Federal Fort Site

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Another old friend of the long years has passed over the mystical stream of death. He was Marshall Wilson Pugh (Feb. 7, 1900-July 22, 1972), native of Appomattox, Va.

For quite some time, infirmities of the flesh had ravaged him and on my last time to see him it was evident he was about ready for the crossing.



I had known him since settling at Oak Hill in 1923. It was on Nov. 22, 1924, when both of us were well under 30, that he and Alma Lee Blake, a member of one of Oak Hill's pioneer families, called to be married at my home.

To that union was born a daughter, who, on Aug. 14, 1948, was married to Charles Franklin Payne.

Because of these intimate ties to this family, we had been good friends for nearly half a century.

It was an unusual coincidence that his son-in-law would be the funeral director at the rites of his father-in-law and that the minister who married the couple should officiate in Marshall Pugh's funeral in the presence of his wife, daughter and grandchildren.

THE GREY HAZE of history hung heavily over the service at Fayetteville on July 25, when the birthplace of Marshall Pugh was mentioned. It was at Appomattox that the ill-fated four-year-old nation — the Confederate States of America — breathed its last breath when Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to General U.S. Grant the sad remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Some of us at the service later mentioned that matter, a thing that added more gloom to the occasion.

Marshall Pugh was born less than 35 years after the surrender, which was made on Palm Sunday, April 9, 1865.

AN ADDITIONAL remembrance of the Civil War was the fact that the funeral home where Marshall Pugh's funeral was held at Fayetteville stands on the identical spot that was a federal fort.

That spot is located on the southern edge of Fayetteville going Oak Hill way. It was held by the Union Army after the Confederate force retreated from Fayetteville the first year of the war.

To this day, minie balls and other missiles of war are to be found on the grounds about the funeral home. Donald A. Payne, member of the Dodd-Payne Funeral firm, presented me a handful of minie balls which he had picked up on the

premises.

With a metal detector there is no telling how much more war materiel could be found there at the site of this century old fort.

STILL ANOTHER recollection of Civil War days welled up in memory as we met there in the funeral home inside the earthen walls — long since leveled — of that fortification.

There something happened that was a real "first" in world history. That fort was the target of the first "indirect firing" of artillery in the history of warfare in all the world!

This came to mind as I motored through the Nickelville area one mile south of Fayetteville over alternate U.S. 19 on the way to conduct the Pugh funeral.

There at Nickelville stands a West Virginia Historic Marker which recites: "Indirect Firing. Nearby on May 19-20, 1863, Cpl. Milton W. Humphreys, gunner in Bryan's Battery, 13th Virginia Light Artillery, C.S.A., made first use of indirect artillery fire in warfare. Target was Union fort at Fayetteville."

I KNEW Corporal Humphreys when he was 80 years old. He spent his summers visiting relatives in Oak Hill. Our first meeting was in 1923 and we chatted about many things.

He was the last surviving member of General Lee's faculty after Lee assumed the presidency of Washington College—now Washington and Lee University — at Lexington, Va.

Later he taught Greek in the University of Virginia for 25 years.

Anent indirect fire, he calculated the distance from his gun to the fort. That was the base of the triangle. He elevated the barrel of his cannon, "Maggie," so as to throw the shell in hypotenuse fashion. He cut the fuse so that the shell's force would be spent over top of the fort. Its fall then was the altitude of the triangle.

John Brown's Hanging Was 'Butchered'

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

This column has been "pan-handling" in recent days, dealing with some facts about the cradle of West Virginia, since our state first came to life in our eastern panhandle.

His story is "shoe-mouth deep," as we used to say when there is an abundance of a thing, in Jefferson and Berkeley counties.

About the most lively thing that ever happened in Charles Town — two words of it — was the trial and execution of John Brown, who staged an insurrection at Harpers Ferry, Oct. 16, 1859.



THE TROUBLE that insurrection stirred up sent a thrill of terror through Virginia and astounded the whole nation.

Brown's general plan was to stir up the slaves of the South to kill their masters and thus set themselves free!

Henry A. Wise was then governor of Virginia. He arrived at Harpers Ferry on Oct. 18 and insisted that John Brown and the survivors of his band that had been captured by U.S. Marines under the command of Robert E. Lee, then a colonel, be tried by the state of Virginia.

ALTHOUGH Brown's crime had been committed on U.S. Government property at Harpers Ferry, President James A.

Buchanan, who sat out his four years as president, allowed Virginia to try Brown and the other prisoners. The preliminary hearing of Brown and his men was on Oct. 25.

Present as prisoners were John Brown, Aaron D. Stevens, and Edwin Coppoc, all white men, and two Negro insurrectionists, John Copeland and Shields Green. Justices who comprised the magistrate's court that day were Col. Braxton Davenport, who presided at the hearing, Dr. W. F. Alexander, John J. Lock, J. F. Smith, T. H. Willis, Geo. W. Eichelberger, C. H. Lewis, and Moses W. Burr.

Appointed by the court to defend the accused were Charles J. Faulkner and Lawson Boots, two able attorneys.

JUSTICE WAS swift in the cases of the accused. A grand jury indicted them on Oct. 26, ten days after the trouble at Harpers Ferry.

Andrew Hunter, one of the prosecuting attorneys, drew up the indictment. In the case the commonwealth attorney was C. H. Hardin. The first of the four counts against the prisoners was that of treason against Virginia. Second count was that of advising and conspiring with slaves to rebel; third was that of first degree murder of all five of their victims together while the fourth was murder of three citizens separately.

Any one of the counts was enough to hang the prisoners.

THE JURY chosen to hear

the case were Isaac Dust, J. J. Miller, J. C. McClure, Wm. Rightstine, J. C. Wiltshire, Jos. Myers, G. W. Bowye, G. W. Tabb, Richard Timberlake, Thos. Watson Jr., Thos. Osburn and Wm. A. Martin. Judge Parker was the presiding jurist.

Brown fired his state-appointed lawyers and they were replaced by two new ones, Hirma Griswold of Cleveland and Samuel Chilton of Washington.

On Monday, Oct. 31, 1859, the case went to the jury. Within a space of half an hour the jury returned a verdict of guilty of treason and murder. Judge Parker sentenced John Brown to be hanged on Friday, Dec. 2.

He kept that date with the rope.

NO ONE WAS allowed to be within a quarter of a mile of the gallows. At 11:15 a.m. Dec. 2, John Brown dropped through the trap. It required 35 minutes for him to die, so inefficient was the work of the executioner. His body and those of his fellow conspirators were sent to North Elba, N. Y., for burial.

A company of cadets from V.M.I., were sent to Charles Town as a guard at Brown's hanging. John J. McCausland of Pliny, in Putnam County commanded the company.

His daughter, Charlotte McCausland (1884-July 13, 1971), told me her father said, "I could have reached out and touched John Brown as he mounted the scaffold."

Confederate Bond Coupons Unclipped

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The other day there came a pause in the day's occupation which afforded one of those rare moments of rest. During the course of that lull, I fell to checking through my earthly possessions.

In a time-worn envelope bearing on its face the legend, "Cats and Dogs," there was found a bond from which, as we say in Fayette



County, not "ery" one of the 20 coupons attached to it had been clipped.

This is a bond which bears 8 per cent interest and was issued at Richmond, Va., on May 1, 1862, by the Confederate States of America and is a prime obligation of that government.

Each one of the 20 coupons says that "The Confederate States of America will pay Twenty Dollars" on such and such dates when the coupon of that date is presented.

The last of the coupons was to be paid May 1, 1872, just 100 years ago last month.

IF THE SOUTH should "rise again" and pay off all its past due indebtedness and other financial obligations, this bond

would be worth, as of now, something like \$2,700!

This bond issue was "Authorized by the Act of Congress, C.S.A., April 12, 1862." There is a fine lithographed fanciful drawing of the battle of Shiloh across the top of the bond.

It is printed on good paper that is 13 inches wide and 16 inches high. Someone paid \$500 for the bond and lost on the deal.

When this bond was authorized and issued, the battle of Shiloh was fresh in the minds of the members of the Confederate congress.

IT WAS ON April 6, 1862, that Grant's army moved up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing—a place also known as Shiloh. There Gen. A. S. Johnson attacked Grant's army but was driven back.

The night after Shiloh, General Buell brought up a large force of Union troops, a force that caused the Confederates to be outnumbered by 17,000. The next day, the battle was renewed.

In that fierce struggle 25,000 men were killed in action or wounded. Among the Confederate casualties was Gen. A. S. Johnson, one of the South's noblest men.

IN THAT STRUGGLE between the two armies at Shiloh

and Fort Donelson on the Tennessee River was a Putnam County, (W.Va.) soldier named John McCausland.

When the Confederate army was forced by Grant's victory to surrender, one of the Confederate officers who was not about to surrender was Col. John ("Tiger John") McCausland!

He "fled the coop," so to speak, and was later to be known as the Rebel officer who reduced the Pennsylvania town of Chambersburg to charcoal in July, 1864.

SPEAKING OF Confederate bonds, an Englishman about whom I read recently, bought 67 bonds in 1861 at a cost of \$38,500. He was attracted by the 8 per cent yield offered on the bonds.

These bonds were found in London recently. They were issued April 4, 1861, by C. G. Memminger, secretary of the Confederate treasury.

Estimated value of those bonds today, had the Confederates come out on top in the 1861-65 rebellion, considering accrual interest, would be about a cool two million dollars!

Grover C. Criswell of Citra, Fla., author of a book "Confederate and Southern Bonds," values 1861 bonds in crisp, un-circulated condition generally sell for less than \$50 each.

Lots Of Things Happened In Nicholas

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

A trip was made to Summersville to deliver a Memorial Day address from the front steps of the historic temple of justice of the Empire County of Nicholas.

Nicholas is an old shire, already 151 years of age. Nicholas County and its twin political subdivision, Preston County, were organized in 1818.



Only 16 of West Virginia's 55 counties are older than Nicholas, the oldest being Hampshire, which dates from 1754.

They clipped off enough of Greenbrier County to make Nicholas County and named it after Wilson Cary Nicholas, a governor of Virginia. However, there were added slices of territory from Kanawha and Randolph to flavor the new organization.

Nicholas is a good sized county with 656.77 square miles of land, being slightly larger in area than Raleigh, which has 610.15 square miles. Fayette County is a little larger than Nicholas with 666.50 square miles of area. Population of Nicholas in 1960 was 25,414.

ON THE GROUNDS of the Nicholas court house stands an imposing monument to the two young daughters of Henry Morris, who were massacred by

Indians at present day Lockwood in 1792.

These were the last two young victims of Indians in this state. Those two little girls and their father were buried near the Morris home at Lockwood.

Henry Morris, an early settler in Nicholas land, was a son of William Morris, the first permanent settler in the Great Kanawha Valley.

Henry Morris was so embittered over the murder of his two daughters by the savages that thereafter he opined that the only good Indian was a dead Indian!

SUMMERSVILLE, like Nicholas County, is an old place. It was in 1820 that the town was established by action of the General Assembly of Virginia. It was named for Judge Lewis Summers, who introduced in the Assembly the bill which created Nicholas County.

Early settlements in Nicholas County date back as far as 1785.

This county area was crossed by the Pocahontas Trail, which extended from the Greenbrier Valley to the area drained by the Great Kanawha River.

LOTS OF THINGS have taken place in Nicholas County. In August, 1861, there was lively action at Cross Lanes—Kesslers Cross Lanes, they now call it.

The Seventh Ohio Regiment commanded by Col. E. B. Tyler, was attacked there early on Aug. 26, 1861, by a Confederate force under Gen. John B. Floyd and scattered to the four winds.

On Sept. 10, 1861, General Floyd's command and Union army units led by General W. S. Rosecranz "had it out" at Carnifex Ferry in a very noisy confrontation which resulted in the Confederate withdrawal that night across the Gauley River at that point to positions along the James River and Kanawha Turnpike.

IT WAS ON SEPT. 15, 1932, that a funeral detail carried me to what was then the Southern Methodist Church at Summersville. That day we buried Wyatt Meador in the tree-shaded church yard.

Meador was a Confederate veteran, who lived to be 90 years old. He was in Pickett's

Charge at Gettysburg. As a first lieutenant in a company of Pickett's Infantry, he led his unit and got the farthest north of any Confederate in the affray at Gettysburg.

He crossed the Stone Fence on one of the spots that was Pickett's objective. When about 100 yards beyond the Stone Fence, a Yankee minie ball struck him and tore through his face. Impact of the missile deafened the 21-year old Confederate officer forever.

He was captured by the Union forces and hospitalized for seven months, living off gruel, as he was unable to chew solid food. Sight of the two scars made by that minie ball are well remembered after seeing the old soldier in his coffin that day of his burial almost 37 years ago.

A small government marker, its inscriptions quite eroded by the elements, marks the tomb where Wyatt Meador rests "under the sod and the dew, waiting the Judgement Day."

IN NICHOLAS county, Belle Boyd, Confederate spy, carried on her operations until the Yankees captured her. She was put under guard until disposition could be made of her case.

One night, when a young Union soldier was detailed to guard her so as to prevent her escape, Belle—who knew how to handle men—gulled the guard into letting her see his gun.

When Belle got the gun in her hands, she shot the guard to death and took off! Her Confederate escapades constitute some of the chapters of the folk lore of Nicholas land.

NICHOLAS COUNTY is a land of lightning rods. Lots of houses there are protected against electric storms by them.

On July 31, 1965, a bolt of lightning struck the bell tower of the venerable old court house and caused the bell to come tumbling down. For more than half a century the old bell had clanged out the fact to the towns people and others from the hinterlands that the honorable court was about to sit and dispense justice.

Since the day the lightning hit the bell tower, the damage has been repaired.

Of Wildcats, Minie Balls, And Bottles

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Pencilled notes pile up on my desks and every whipstitch they have to be used to fashion one of these daily columns.

After his reading in this department some weeks ago about wildcats in Fayette County, Emmett Coleman of Oak Hill



told of a near run-in he had with one in the mountains back of the old McKendree Hospital.

He was there with surveyors running some property lines one day in a rock-cliff section. Under the cliff, Coleman came upon what used to be an opossum.

Something had just killed it "and its blood was still smoking," as the surveyor expressed it. In the soft dirt where the remains of the animal were strung out, Coleman saw the tracks of the wildcat which had pounced upon the luckless opossum and was making a meal out of its carcass when the approach of the surveyor frightened off the predator.

J. A. MARTIN, Oak Hill banker and veteran of World War I, served in France during our first war with Germany.

When the contingent of the American Expeditionary Force,

in which Jim Martin's company was a unit, was shipped over the Atlantic, the force was carried on "The Matoaka." One of the seamen on "The Matoaka" was the late James G. Baker (Aug. 5, 1890-April 6, 1969), then 28 years old, late of Oak Hill.

After their World War I experiences, both young men located in Oak Hill, where Jim Baker died this month.

SOME LATE acquisitions to the museum consist of items which metal detectors have located.

One camp ground, where a force of about 1,500 Union soldiers were encamped in Fayette County for a time during the late fall and winter of 1861-62, was visited by a couple of men with a fine metal detector.

They were there but a few hours but were able to find one good sized coffee can full of minie balls, belt buckles and other metal items, such as buttons from the blue uniforms of the Yankee warriors.

It was the largest find in this area of Civil War items in a long time. A handful of the minie balls and a bunch of metal buttons were turned over to me for the museum.

These heavy lead minie balls were never fired from muskets and are in about the same condition they were when they were molded. They had been

covered over with earth for fully 108 years but undamaged.

THESE CIVIL WAR missiles were the business end of the musket load. Around the base of each bullet are three embedded rings in the lead. The bullet was fastened to a small paper bag of gunpowder.

A string, tied tightly around the end of the bag of powder, pressed the paper into the lead rings, thus holding the bullet.

When a soldier loaded his musket he either bit off or tore off the lower end of the paper bag and then poured the gunpowder into his musket barrel. Then the bullet, with the paper bag tied to it, was thrust down the musket barrel by use of the metal ramrod that was carried in slots beneath the musket barrel.

The paper on the lower end of the bullet served as wadding for the gunpowder charge. A copper percussion cap was inserted on to the tube atop the base of the musket barrel.

When the hammer was released by pull of the gun trigger, the resulting flash of fire set off the powder and thrust the minie ball on its way to its target. It was said that the Union army musket was accurate and deadly up to about a 100 yards or more.

ON SEPT. 10, 1861, some advance units in Gen. Henry W. Benham's force unexpectedly ran into forward detachments of the Confederate force under Gen. John B. Floyd and set off the battle of Carnifex Ferry, a noisy affair that resulted in Floyd's retreat during that night to a safer position on the other side of Gauley River.

Following the Carnifex Ferry affair, part of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans' army was dispatched to the Fayetteville area, where some months were spent.

LELAN PHILLIPS, Pineville reader, sent in an unusual glass bottle. He found it when he was cleaning ground below the old road through the mountains of Wyoming County in the Guyan river country.

In the side of the bottle is a moon shaped depression in which there was probably a label telling the story of its contents. It is an oldie and presumably a half-pint whiskey flask.

It is reinforced along the shoulders of the bottle which, in all likelihood, is of pre-prohibition vintage. It would be interesting to know the name of the "likker" it held. Probably was "Old Brain Remover."

Retells Avenging Of Civil War Murder

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

His reading in this column recently the roll call of the Civil War veterans who served in I Company of the 60th Virginia Infantry Regiment during the Civil War, caused a lot of family history to well up in the mind of Elder D. H. Lilly, a Summers County reader.

Wrote Lilly, "The Lewis Lilly in that list was a great-great uncle of mine. His nephew, G. Erastus Lilly (April 7, 1875-November, 1955), was my grandfather.



"I remember Lewis Lilly, though faintly. He wore a long white beard. I was about four years old when he passed from this life.

"That list you published includes one Levi M. Neely. That gentleman was my great-great grandfather. His granddaughter, my grandmother, is still living. She is well past 90 years of age. My grandmother was the daughter of the late David M. Neely, the son of Levi M. Neely.

"I REMEMBER hearing my grandfather, "Rass" Lilly, tell the following story many times.

During the Civil War, his grandfather was an afflicted man. A captain of the Union Army and some men of his command came to the home

and requested information they did not get.

"Thereupon, the captain ordered his men to tie the old man on a horse. They took him away and he was never heard of after that.

"Lewis Lilly, the old man's son, learned of his father's fate. He kept on searching until he found the officer and killed him. Many old timers in these parts say this is the truth.

"I LIVE ON the Streeter road, one-half mile from Route 3, here at Jumping Branch. I live approximately two miles from where my great-great grandfather was taken from his home, never to return.

"In the woods, just north of the Crews Cemetery at Nimitz, there are some trenches. I have visited them many times. Several old timers have told me that they were dug and used during the Civil War.

"Those trenches still exist and are to be found just off the Bluestone Road. Anyone using those trenches had a good view of anyone approaching from Bluestone River. This old road was used by all those who traveled west from New River and Bluestone.

"I AM DEEPLY interested in local history and read your column daily. I appreciate your articles concerning the history of our state.

"I work for the C&O Railway and am limited in my time.

If I had the time I would try to collect the many historical facts of this area, which I feel are very interesting.

"The older people who lived when much of our history was being made, will soon be gone. There are three people who are over 90 years of age who are still living here at Nimitz. They are my grandmother, Aaron Freeland, and John Cadle.

"I hope this will be of some help to you. Thank you for the many good articles."

THERE MUST BE something in the air or the water out at Nimitz that makes people live to a ripe old age.

It is well remembered that on March 17, 1963, I conducted the funeral of Charles Lewis Reece (July 14, 1853-March 15, 1963), who died at Nimitz. His age was reckoned at 109 years, 8 months and one day when he died.

He was a native of St. Johns, Ohio, but was working in the mines at Minden when I settled at Oak Hill in January, 1923. His mother was of German lineage while his father was a Welshman.

Charles L. Reese was the greatest "joiner" I ever knew. As he expressed it, he "j'ined" every lodge in the entire area.

One day when we met he was carrying a pocket watch with a black ribboned fob such as was in vogue 40 years and more ago. On the ribbon fob of his watch, Charles Reece was wearing the pins, or emblems, of all the secret orders he had joined. There were 12 or 15 of them.

On the day we gave Charley Reece Christian burial, a member of his family carried that pin-decked fob for me to see again. When I asked him how he came to join so many secret orders, thus making him "lodge poor," as he put it, his reply was "I just wanted to see what their secret work was."

Charles Reece was a good man. If his age was what they said it was when he died, 109 years, 8 months and 1 day, he is the oldest person at whose funeral I have ever officiated. He left 53 grandchildren, several great-grandchildren, and a good many great-great grandchildren.

The Raid At Harpers Ferry

By Shirley Donnelly

Another moment in West Virginia history is remembered when Oct. 16 shows up on the calendar. It was on Oct. 16, 1859 that an event occurred at Harpers Ferry that shook Virginia to its foundation and astounded the whole nation.

John Brown and his followers raided Harpers Ferry and seized the U.S. Arsenal there. A few months before this took place, John Brown and two of his sons, Oliver and Watson Brown, having assumed the name of Anderson, leased a farm in Maryland a few miles from Harpers Ferry, the place where was located the United States Armory.

Arms and ammunition were collected at the farm and a force of 22 associates — 17 white and 5 black — were assembled. Idea behind the scheme was to start a scheme to liberate the slaves in the South.



AT 10 A.M., Oct. 16, 1859, John Brown and his men quietly took charge of the Armory building in which was stored a large quantity of arms and ammunition. A number of citizens living nearby were captured and held as prisoners.

When news of all the happening got out, state military companies were ordered to the scene to straighten out the situation. They came from Martinsburg, Charleston and places like that. They attacked the arsenal where Brown and his followers had fortified themselves. In the attacks five of the military were killed and three of Brown's men were slain. Then the U.S. troops arrived.

UNDER the command of Col. Robert E. Lee, later gen-

eral in the Confederate Army in the Civil War, a force of 100 U.S. Marine Corps men reached the scene of the trouble. There was great excitement all over the land when news from Harpers Ferry was received. Upon his arrival, Col. Lee ordered Lt. J.E.B. Stewart — later a Confederate general, to demand of Brown an immediate surrender. Brown and the insurgents refused to surrender.

At once the Marines attacked and Brown and his men were captured. They surrendered at the points of Marine bayonets. Brown was severely wounded but recovered in a few days.

INDICTMENTS were issued against Brown and his men. Brown and his followers, charged with treason, were tried, found guilty and hanged. On Dec. 2, 1859, Brown was hanged. Four of his men were executed on Dec. 16, 1859 and two more on March 16, 1860.

Brown's idea was to stir up the slaves into insurrection and kill off their masters. Harriet Beecher Stowe had written a book called "Uncle Tom's Cabin" that had laid the wood to which John Brown's action applied the fire that touched of the Civil War of 1861-1865.

I have a first edition of that foolish book that was written by that thoughtless woman here in my library. When John Brown was hanged a company of V.M.I. cadets under command of John (Tiger John) MacCausland were brought from Lexington to serve as guards when Brown was executed.

Miss Charlotte McCausland, daughter of Gen. John McCausland, told me that her father told her that when Brown went up the scaffold steps to his doom, that he — MacCausland — could have reached out and touched him. Volumes have been written about the Harpers Ferry event of 120 years ago this month.

By the way, Harpers Ferry is the lowest spot in West Virginia. It is only 259 feet above sea level.

Stuart Regained Father's Lost Estate

By SHIRELY DONNELLY

When a mission recently took me to Lebanon, Va., it was recalled that the famous Elk Garden Estate was only a few miles east on the Bluefield-Bristol highway.

For generations, this vast property in Southwest Virginia has been a beautiful show place. It has been the property of the celebrated Stuart family as far back as most people can remember.

Probably the most famous of the Stuarts was Gen. J. E. B. "Jeb" Stuart, renowned leader of the Confederate cavalry in the Civil War. He was the big-bearded fellow who wore a plume in his hat and liked to sing as well as any man who wore the gray in the 1861-65 trouble.

Another noted member of the Stuart clan was Gov. Henry Carter Stuart, who guided affairs of Virginia from 1914 to 1918 during the trying years of World War I.

ELK GARDEN Estate extends into Russell, Smyth and Tazewell counties. In itself, it is as large as an average county. At its greatest, it comprised about 50,000 acres, or more than 78 square miles.

It is one of the oldest estates in all the Southland. Today the sixth generation of the Stuarts graces this feudal domain.

It was in 1846 that the Stuart mansion, a relic of the Old South, was built by Governor



Stuart's father, who also laid the foundation of the Stuart wealth by embarking in the cattle business.

This venture was retarded by the Civil War, during which nearly all the Stuart men served in the Confederate forces. Hard luck that hit the Stuarts during the Civil War continued after the war and their rich holdings passed to other hands.

THE PROPERTY was regained by Henry Carter Stuart, who rose to the governorship of Virginia.

He was born at Wytheville in 1855, a son of William Alexander and Mary Taylor Carter Stuart. After being graduated from Emory and Henry College with a bachelor of arts degree in 1874, the 19-year-old youth studied law at the University of Virginia, from where he was graduated in 1875.

His goal was to regain the lost estate of his father. By 1880, he had regained about half of it. Then there came a big advancement in the beef cattle business and the young lawyer had it made.

In 1899, Stuart, then 44, regained the original boundary and once again the whole estate was in Stuart hands.

THERE WERE TIMES after that when as many as 3,000 head of fine beef cattle roamed the limestone hills of Elk Garden.

They used to put the cattle in classes. Calves a year old were said to be in the freshman class. As they developed and grew, they were promoted into the next higher class. Finally they were graduated and sold to the great stock markets of

the East to eventually appear on the menu of a noted restaurant as planked steak, filet mignon, or what-have-you.

Sheep also were raised on Elk Garden. Often there were thousands of ewes and their lambs in the storied Clinch Valley lands.

Jersey City was the eastern market where the Stuart people sold their livestock. It brought good prices because it was of fine quality. The blue grass on the limestone land put a quality in the meat that was almost unequaled elsewhere in the country.

THE CLIMATE was so equable that livestock could graze the fields eight months of the year and live unaided without any other food. Cattle could graze most of the year. However, it took five acres of pasture to fatten a steer for market.

At one time, there were about 75 families living on the Elk Garden estate. About 150 persons were employed in operation of the immense ranch.

It was a completely supporting proposition; the rich territory yielded all that was required by man and beast. The whole set-up was patterned after the manner of the medieval feudal system and was a virtual "free state," as McDowell County used to be called.

Once a herd of 24 elk was secured from the government and turned loose on Elk Garden Estate. The elk from Yellowstone National Park didn't do well in their new surroundings, however, and were said to be anti-social as well!

Battle Of The Crater

By Shirley Donnelly

This is written on July 30. That day never shows up on the calendar but that I think of July 30, 1864. It was on that day 116 years ago that the Battle of the Crater was fought in the outskirts of Petersburg, Va.

It was one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War. One thing that caused that battle date to come to mind is that many of the members of my first post-orate, that of the Main Street Baptist Church in Blandford Borough of Petersburg, lived on that battlefield. In the course of my pastoral calling on these members, I used to find minie balls that had been fired from the muskets of the soldiers of both the Confederate and Yankee armies.

That land there is sandy. After a rain the minie balls showed up quite white. Bushels of those balls were found in the Crater area and were plentiful on the land when I was there in the 1919-1923 period. Boys used to find those balls and sell them to junk dealers for five cents a pound.



PETERSBURG was laid siege to by Grant's large army for ten whole months. The city was bordered by forts which repulsed the Union army efforts to capture the city. In the Union army were thousands of Pennsylvania men who had been coal miners in the Keystone State. One of their commanders got the idea of undermining one of the key fortifications and blowing it up.

After weeks of work a tunnel was completed. Then it was that 8,000 pounds of gunpowder was placed under the fort that was to be demolished by the exploding powder. At length all was ready and at daybreak on July 30, 1864, the great explosion took place. It made a deep crater about 200 feet long when the powder exploded. Into that breach large units of the "boys in blue" rushed.

NO SOONER had the crater been made than the Con-

federates came to the rescue. Confederate guns focused on the men who huddled in the crater and made it a scene of carnage. Hundreds were slaughtered in the smoking pit. They were mostly Negro troops who had been fortified with corn whiskey.

I have stood in that crater several times. Once a guide there told me, "You are standing on the bones of several hundred Union soldiers."

Of course the Confederates lost a lot of men, too. When I lived in Petersburg there were many of the Confederate veterans still alive. From their lips I heard the story of the Crater struggle.

I SAW TWO minie balls that met nose to nose with geometric precision and flattened against each other when they were red hot. When they squashed against each other a five-point star was formed by the lead. Again I saw two opposing minie balls that were fired in the Crater fight and collided in mid-air, side-ways, and were welded or melted together. Here in the library where this is written are many of those musket balls I picked up upon that field.

TODAY THE CRATER battlefield is a national museum with guides to show and explain the whole struggle. Nothing was gained by the Union attack. That siege of Petersburg kept up until the first day of April, 1865, when Lee had to withdraw his meagre forces and head toward Richmond.

On April 9, 1865, against overwhelming odds, the bloodied and battered little Confederate army surrendered to Grant's army which outnumbered Lee's army 11 to one.

Today people visit the site of the Crater Battle. At the entrance to the site stands the Massachusetts monument that the Bay State erected to its men who fell around Petersburg in that bloody struggle. On the way to the Crater stands the large Pennsylvania monument erected by the Keystone State to the memory of the several thousand of "the Pennsylvania Dutch" who fell in the Civil War. In historic Blandford Cemetery are buried thousands of "the boys in grey."

Yesterday And Today—

Confederate Commission Graces Library

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

After writing about the sounding of taps for Capt. J. H. Abbot, (Nov. 4, 1839 - Jan. 1, 1826), I chanced to think of another brave Confederate Army officer whose commission hangs on the wall in the library where this writing is done.

It is the military commission of Capt. Robert Augustus (Gus) Bailey, who later rose to rank of major and was mortally wounded in the battle of Droop Mountain, Nov. 1963.



This commission was issued by Gov. John Letcher, the war governor of Virginia, June 6, 1861. It was issued to Captain Bailey as captain of riflemen in the 142nd Regiment, 27th Brigade of the 5th Virginia

Division.

Bailey took the oath of allegiance to this commission before John Hansford, J. P., the man for whom Hansford is named. The oath was administered by Squire Hansford on June 19, 1861.

FOR MANY years this commission graced the walls of the office of Samuel Pryor, executive officer of Pan-American Airways.

One day Pryor read in this column the story of the monument at the grave of Major Bailey in the cemetery about the Old Stone Church in Lewisburg. He then recalled how this commission was found in the pocketbook of his grandmother who was the sister of Bailey.

Pryor had the commission framed and hung on his office wall in New York City. One night he called and asked me if he might

visit for an interview. He was brooked for a call six weeks later as my time until then was booked solid.

WHEN PRYOR drove up to my library he had with him the assistant secretary of the U.S. Navy. For two hours we talked. Then Pryor invited me to go with him on a trip around the world to inspect airports of Pan Americans Airways.

He said we would stay in the quarters at the airports and the trip would be a gift to me. It was a matter of regret that the magnificent offer could not be accepted due to engagements that had been booked some months before.

On return to his office in New York, Pryor packed and dispatched to me the army commission that is now one of my cherished library items. It hangs on the wall to the right of where this was written.

Swords Hang On The Wall Of Memory

May 26, 1976 Betty PostHurd

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

During our absence, thieves broke into our Jackson County home and made off with some of our things. Among the articles stolen was a prized Civil War cavalry sabre that had been in our family for years.

The theft of that blade and metal scabbard got my mind on swords, hence the topic today.

The first sword I ever saw was the one my paternal stepfather grandfather, Maj. Lemuel Harpold, carried all through the Civil War of 1861 — 1865.



As a child I used to see the old major sharpen that sword on a grindstone and slash down Jimson weeds around his barn. It made us sad because he said that he used to "cut off rebel heads" that way. His was a Union Army cavalry sabre.

AS A BOY, aged 12, my next encounter with a sword was when we read in McGuffey's Fifth Reader at Center Point School in Jackson County, the poem entitled "The Soldier of the Rhine."

In that poem of Caroline

Elizabeth Sarah Norton (1808 — 1877) were the tales of a German boy in the foreign legion who fell in battle in Algiers. In his dying moments that soldier had told of the sword his soldier father had carried in the wars in which he had fought.

Somehow the sword passed to the soldier's son, who, with boyish love, had hung it on the cottage wall at Bingen where the bright light used to shine — "On the cottage wall at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine."

READING that poem dozens of times as a lad, I was fired with desire to visit Bingen. Thirty years later, in World War II, when I was stationed at Heidelberg, Germany in 1945, a trip was made to Bingen — "Fair Bingen on the Rhine."

Bingen's vine-clad hills are still there. Bingen had been bombed by the British Air Force in 1944 and the place was torn up a bit. A small paving stone about six inches square was picked up and sent home to Crab Orchard.

I had "Bingen on the Rhine" increased in that stone. When the chimney of our living room was built in our Jackson County home in 1970, that stone was built into it.

By the blazing fire I often sat

and looked at that stone and thought of that sword which hung on the cottage wall at "Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine."

ANOTHER sword that hangs on the wall of memory is the sword which Stonewall Jackson wore at Chancellorsville.

On the night of May 2-3, 1863, Lee and Jackson held a council of war. That night Jackson took off his sword and leaned it against a small pine tree. The swaying of the tree in the wind caused the sword to fall to the ground.

An officer in the group said something about that being an ill omen. It proved to be just that because after nightfall on May 3rd, Jackson was mortally wounded by his own men — the men thinking Jackson and his staff were Union cavalry.

WHEN I was on the headquarters staff of IV Corps in 1942 — '43 — I delivered a lecture on the Chancellorsville campaign — the greatest of Lee's victories.

In that lecture the story of the falling of the sword was related. In war superstition often is found and the Confederate men with Jackson saw in the sword crashing to the earth a token of Jackson's death.

Family Vanishes As Does Trade

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Among the vanishing trades that once flourished in the 12 county areas served by the *Beckley Post-Herald*, is that of the shoe maker.

About the time I pitched my tent at Oak Hill in Jan. 1923, there was a shoe shop at Fayetteville where shoes were made by hand. That shop stood across from the courthouse adjacent to the law office of the late Charles R. Summerfield.

After the old shop had closed its doors for good the building stood idle for some years.



ONE DAY someone brought me a pint jar half-full of shoe pegs, the kind used in putting soles on shoes. They are square pegs which are sharpened with pyramidal shaped points.

These were driven through the round holes in the wet sole leather used in soleting shoes. When those pegs were put through the holes and the wet leather dried around them, all the king's oxen and all the king's men could not pull out the pegs! It was from that set-up that there came the old figure of speech of "a square peg in a round hole."

Those pegs are made of hardwood maple. They tell me that they were usually whittled out on rainy days. Few today can remember the shoemaker's bench which he sat upon while making a pair of shoes.

THIS JAR of pegs came from the shop at Fayetteville that was operated by the late William Mahood (May 27, 1848-June 29, 1921), one of the oldest citizens at Fayetteville. He was a native of Pearisburg, Va., — once called Giles Court House.

When he was 18 years old he ran away from home and joined the Confederate army. He served with distinction as one of "the boys in grey" in Co. D, 36th Va. Infantry known as "The Logan Wild Cats."

After Appomattox, Mahood took a lively interest in the Confederate Veterans Reunions. After the Civil War ended, Mahood came to Fayette County and lived variously at Gouley Bridge, Montgomery (then called Coal Valley), and Oak Hill. Finally, he took up his permanent residence at the county seat and launched on his trade as a shoe maker, a trade at which he was expert.

WILLIAM Mahood, usually addressed as "Square Billy," and Laura Bell Mahood were married Oct. 22, 1869. She died March 18, 1917, after bearing "Square Billy" seven children, six of whom survived their parents.

They were Wade H., Mrs. J. L.

Heslip; Mrs. Blanche Thrift; William P., Thomas H.; and Mrs. J. H. Abbott. Father of these children was a loyal member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, with the accent on the "SOUTH."

Few people in the days of Fayetteville of 75 years ago were mourned more at passing than was the devout old shoemaker. He was laid to rest at Fayetteville's Huse Memorial Park.

Recently when a funeral detail carried me to the Huse Cemetery there appeared in an old section of that pop-

ulous city of the dead a grave marker with this inscription: "William Mahood, 1843-1921." It was that of the old shoe maker. All his kith and kin have vanished from the face of the earth.

The only one of the Mahood family whom I knew well was the late Wade Hampton Mahood (March 9, 1918-Oct. 29, 1979) who died here in Beckley in the Veterans Hospital. He was a veteran of World War II, and the son of Thomas H. and Bessie Norton Mahood and a grandson of the venerable old shoemaker.

Feb 1978

Indirect Fire

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

When an exercise of my calling carried me to Fayetteville on Jan. 25 to conduct the funeral of Mrs. Mary Mable Richards, daughter of the late Emery and Clara Mae McAllister Johnson, the funeral home was reached shortly before the service.

Aside from desiring to mix and mingle a bit with the friends and relatives of the deceased lady, I wanted to tarry a time in order to project my thinking back to 1863 when a very historic happening was staged there.

THE DODD - PAYNE Funeral home where the service of Mrs. Mary Richards (Dec. 25, 1912 - Jan. 23, 1978) was held, occupies a very interesting spot. On that location stood Fort Beuford, a Union army strong point. That fort was erected after the Confederate forces at Fayetteville were forced to retreat before the Federal advance in 1861 - 62.

Fort Beuford was erected to guard against a Confederate attack from the south end of the Fayette county seat of justice. Fayetteville changed hands a time or two during the early part of the Civil War. However, in 1863, the Federals held it.



WHEN THE Confederate fortunes were at their height in 1863, an attack on Fayetteville was made by Confederate units. Fort Scammon was built on the hill back of the town to the north while Fort Beauford stood on the eminence to the south where the funeral home is now located.

WHEN THE Confederate force approached from the south in May, 1863, an effort was made to reduce, or at least, annoy Fort Beuford. Corporal Milton W. Humphreys, then a lad of 19, was a cannoneer in Bryan's Battery of the 13th Virginia Light Artillery. He had a brass cannon which he had named "Maggie."

Humphreys, with some knowledge of geometry, placed his gun in a pine thicket in present day Nickelville near Fayetteville. There he estimated the distance his gun was from the fort, something like a mile. He knew how to cut the fuse on his shells so as to limit their distance.

Then he elevated the barrel of the cannon to a certain degree. Distance to the fort was the base of the triangle. The elevation of the cannon barrell was the hypotenuse of the triangle. By cutting the shell fuse so that it would reach the point over Fort Beuford and there drop and explode on the Yankees was the altitude of the triangle.

His mathematics worked.

IT TOOK the Yankees a whole day to figure out where the shells were coming from. An armed patrol was sent out to locate the gun and force Humphreys to fall back. That was the first use of indirect firing in all History. It is now in military use by all nations.

I knew Humphreys and used to talk to him about the Civil War. He was the last member of Gen. Lee's faculty when Lee was president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University.

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Confederate Marines In Civil War--II

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY
Admiral David Glasgow Farragut, a Southerner in the Northern Navy, asserted that "a ship without marines is like a garment without buttons."

The improvised ironclad Virginia (the former USS Merrimack) carried 55 Confederate marines in addition to her crew of approximately 300 men. Captain of marines aboard the Virginia was Reuben T. Thom. His first sergeant was Jacob S. Sholls.

The historic fight between the CSS Virginia and the USS Monitor took place in Hampton Roads on March 9, 1862. This was the first combat between ironclad vessels in the history of the world.

After a severe engagement, in which each vessel failed to pierce the other's armour, the Monitor retired. On the previous



day, the Virginia had destroyed the USS Congress and the USS Cumberland, and had dispersed the remainder of the federal fleet. The Confederate marines involved were primarily from the first marine unit (Co. C) to be transferred to Virginia from the deep South. They were from Pensacola, Fla.

AT LEAST 56 Confederate officers held marine commissions during the war. Although the nucleus of the Confederate States Marine Corps consisted of officers who had resigned from the prewar U. S. Marine Corps, the rest were recruited from promising officer material in the South.

Camp Beall, at Drewry's Bluff on the James River in Virginia, was a training ground for recruits and for newly-appointed officers.

All new second lieutenants were required to appear before an examining board, which met at the Confederate States Marine Corps headquarters in Richmond. The candidate was

required to take a written examination, present testimonials of good moral character, and to be a gentleman.

Long after the war had ended, Colonel Beall, in a letter to historian J. Thomas Scharf, wrote "The corps was composed of enlisted men, many of whom were old soldiers and commissioned officers, a number of whom had seen service before in the U. S. Marine Corps and elsewhere. The corps was thoroughly trained and disciplined, and in all encounters with the enemy the officers and men were conspicuous for their courage and good conduct."

ON MAY 15, 1862, at Drewry's Bluff, 7 miles down stream from the present day Marine Corps Reserve Training Center in Richmond, "were some of the best fighters siding with the South. Among them, seeing action for the Confederacy for the first time as a corps, were the Confederate marines, most of them officers and privates who had resigned from the United States service."

Maj. George Terrett commanded the sharpshooters posted on the high ridge on the south bank of the James River, where they helped repel the attack of the federal gunboats. The gunboats Monitor, Galena, Aroostook, Port Royal, and Naugatuck were turned back.

The loss of the fort at Drewry's Bluff would have exposed the capitol of the Confederacy to gunboat attack from the river, as well as cut off supplies and manpower from the south through Petersburg. It held.

AN ADVERTISEMENT for marine recruits was placed in the Savannah, Ga., Republican on Dec. 28, 1863, by Capt. John R. F. Tattnell, CSMC:

WANTED

"For Company E, Corps of Marines, forty able bodied recruits. This company will probably serve in the city of Savannah and on board the ironclads, engaged in river defense, during the whole war. The platoon serving on shore is well quartered in excellent barracks, and for the sick the best hospital accommodations and medical attention is (are) furnished by the regular medical department of the Navy. Privates receive fifteen dollars a month and abundant clothing of superior quality. At the end of each year the value of articles of the clothing as have not been drawn is paid, in money, to each marine. Apply to the undersigned between the hours of 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., at the Marine Barracks (Fair Lawn) in this city."

The Folly Of War

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Feb
1979

A. L. (Buster) Sydnor, a Nimrod in his own right, and some other deerslayers, take to the mountain land of Pocahontas County in deer season to replenish family larders with venison for future use. Writes the Oak Hill man: "Several of us have been hunting in Pocahontas County for forty years. We rent a cabin in the Seneca State Forest and hunt out of there.

"Usually on Sunday we spend the day prospecting. We have been up and down most of the hollows for miles around. One of the most interesting places, to me, is the scene of the Battle of the Allegheny. I am enclosing some of the pictures made there last October."

"We get to this place by turning right on a small road in Green Bank and then climbing for miles over a narrow road that leads back to the top of Allegheny Mountain. From there we can look back for miles and see the big telescope at Green Bank."

"One of these pictures shows the battlefield with some embankments. These are like fox holes with rocks piled around them. There are dozens of them. I could not help but feel compassion for those poor men lying out there on that cold mountain. Just across the road, four or five hundred yards away, is a small cemetery. Something like fifty wooden crosses mark graves. There was one stone marker. All of our

party did a bit of reflecting there as we strolled the little Confederate cemetery."

THERE WAS SENT to me the picture of the long grave marker. Here was the wording on it:

Commemorating the Confederate dead
31st Virginia. Company D.

MILTON STOUT

"Born June 11, 1836. Died March, 1862"

THERE AT THE location mentioned by A. L. Sydnor was fought what came to be called The Battle of the Allegheny on Friday Dec. 13 — bad luck day — 1861 was fought between the armies of Gen. W. L. Jackson and Gen. R. L. Milroy. Site of the battle was six miles east of Camp Bartow which the Confederates had fortified in 1861. This battle was part of the Wheat Mountain campaign. Weather had been beastly prior to the Allegheny battle.

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SYDNOR'S saying he could not help but feel compassion for the soldiers who were exposed to the rigors of that December day in 1861 can be appreciated only by those of us who have undergone such hardships. Anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the winter weather in the Cheat Mountain Country knows what these Civil War soldiers endured.

Looking back to the fratricidal strife of 1861 - 1865 and the cost in blood, sweat and tears to the nation, one has a lot of thoughts about war.

Quite often I call to mind Robert Southey's satirical poem, "The Battle of Blenheim." If I remember my history right, the battle of Blenheim was fought on Monday, Aug. 13, 1764 in the idiotic War of the Spanish Succession, fought near Blenheim in Bavaria.

In that battle the English routed the French and Bavarians and won the field. England rewarded her Duke of Marlborough with a a rich estate winning the battle. Robert Southey took a dim view of the matter and wrote his bitter satire on war.

IN SOUTHEY'S poem he has old Kaspar and his two grandchildren in an evening scene. Kaspar's grandson, Peterkin found a skull and asked Kaspar about it. Wilhemine was standing by when old Kaspar told the boy that it was some poor fellow's skull who fell in the great victory.

After some discussion of the great battle and the great victory the little girl told her grandfather to "tell us all about the war and what they killed each other for."

Old Kaspar was non - plussed at the question but replied that it was a famous victory but "What they killed each other for I could not well make out." When I was in the campaign of Central European 1945 I was near where the battle of Blenheim was fought.

In 1973, on our last trip to England, I went to see Blenheim Castle at Woodstock, England. There in that big old building is where Winston Churchill was born. But back to war and what people kill each other for.

OVERTONES of the battle on Allegheny Mountain on Dec. 13, 1861 extend back to England in my book. The South would not have warred against the North if it had not been for the tacit understanding that England would back the Confederacy. It was as England might have said, "Let's you and the North fight it out," yea, "Let's you and him fight" is what the implied promise amounted to in 1861.

In every war there are memories that bless and burn mankind. Everytime I think of my sword and shield, now rusting down by the riverside, I think of the foolishness of war, albeit in a practical world nations, such as ours, must be realistic and prepared.

Yesterday And Today—

Letter, Diary Tell Of Civil War Events

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Trent Bridges, Box 25, Rainelle, writes: "I have been a reader of your column for a long time. My grandfather Edward Trent, (August, 1831-June 7, 1889) served as a captain in the Confederate army.

He was a medical doctor. Born at Manchester, Va., he lived most of his life near Alleghany Springs, Virginia. Later he moved to Mercer County and there he



died 74 years ago. While he was in the Confederate army he kept a daily diary, which I now have. In my possession is my grandfather's Bible which was published in 1829. His family record is written in it. One birth date is listed as 1781. Another one is given as 1809. Also in my collection are some land grants issued by King George III, our country's last king. They are written on sheep skin. These my grandfather carefully kept and I now hold them and his other things as cherished treasures of the yester years of our family lineage."

HERE IS A LETTER that Captain Edward Trent wrote his wife on July 26, 1863 — a century ago.

Dear Wife,
No letter from you since John Webb gave me one. I hope this is due to a failure in reaching me and that neither neglect nor sickness have caused you to fail to write. I have been extremely uneasy because in the letter sent by G. Williams you say that you were then very sick. I hope you are now well and that you may continue so, and some way, by letter or otherwise, let me hear from you soon.

With the exception of boils I am quite well, and well situated so far as climate is concerned, but we get only bread, beef

and very little salt, for our rations. Owing to the fact that the armies of both sides have been marching and counter-marching over this country for two years that is about all we can get to eat. The farmers have but little of anything to spare—some butter and milk, but no vegetables. In short, it is because of this that all of us have the scurvy, which we call 'clinch'. We will continue to have it as long as we have only salt provisions and no vegetables to eat.

The Battalion is at Pack's Ferry. (Note: This is where Bluestone dam now is). Two other officers and I are here with the sick, the broken down, and demented men, — some 200 of them. Lt. Col. Dunn is now under arrest and very unjustly so. If his conduct at Beverly is the only thing against him I hope he may prove his innocence. I should hate to see a man whom I once respected and was fond of to be proven guilty of acts which would degrade him to the point beneath a gentleman. But I have heard whispers of more serious charges against him.

Col. Clarbone is not the Major we thought him to be. He is greatly swelled with self importance and already believes Colonel Dunn broken; also believes himself Lt. Colonel in command. His orders are to strut with backs more rigidly straight! It gives me many a hearty chuckle! Circumstances show men as they truly are. The man with ordinary sense will not neglect to notice, and noticing, to remember.

I will close with love. Please don't let the boys forget me. Direct letters to me at Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, Virginia.

Your husband,
Ed. T. Bridges

CAPTAIN BRIDGES'S letter is quoted in full, to show what a

man in the army in war thinks about. Chief of these is the welfare of his home, his wife, and children. He also notes how authority goes to a fellow's head some times, once he gets a little rank on his shoulder straps. All of us who have followed the flag afar have noted this all too often. Usually the less a fellow has in his head the more success goes to it! It was quite the order of the day in the Civil War for superiors to order subordinates under arrest. That was Stonewall Jackson's long suit. Both armies in the Civil War overdid the matter of arresting others.

FROM CAPT. Ed T. Bridges's diary: "June 17, 1864, Friday: taken prisoner; kind of hated by Lt. Ewing, 12th Ohio Reg't. . . . June 26th., Escaped from the Yankees about 11:00 a. m. I am broken down and have dysentery and can not travel on foot. Therefore, I have escaped in broad daylight from the very center of the Yankee army; my escape in broad, sunlit day with the whole Yankee regiment around me! One man was especially charged with my keeping and my escape is, to say the very least, very remarkable. I was also fortunate in not meeting my enemy directly. I walked within twenty yards of two, one of whom came out with a loud oath. I walked boldly to two horses, both of which the Yankees had taken from the last house they passed. I had been gone about twenty minutes and decided to conceal myself. I visited a house near by and hid until they could cook me something to eat. I was scarcely out of the house when the bark of their dog told of the approach of some one. It was a squad of 25 to 30 Yankees. About 9:00 o'clock at night I heard another of their wagon trains pass. Sincerely do I thank God for His mercy toward me. Let me always remember Sunday, June 26, 1864, the day I escaped."

4/9/1980

Appomattox Recalled

By Shirley Donnelly

This column was typed on April 9. Never does this date show on the calendar but that April 9, 1865, comes to mind. It was on that day 115 years ago that my favorite war — The War Between the States, alias the War of the Rebellion, as the Yankees called it, or the Civil War — came to an end.

To stop the needless effusion of blood, Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered his ragged and half-starved but once the invincible Army of Northern Virginia to Gen. U.S. Grant, leader of the vast host of the Union Army.



It was on Good Friday, April 9, 1865, that the surrender was made at Appomattox Court House in Virginia. Lee had fought a good fight and was himself the life of the army he led. His army was not defeated, it was merely crushed by overwhelming numbers and mutilated.

Lee was greater in defeat than he was in battle. The Lee in Washington & Lee University is but one of the great memorials to him. To all intents and purposes, the four-year war wound down as Grant met Lee under the famous apple tree at Appomattox and subsequently in the McLean house in that same village.

WHEN LEE returned home to his invalid wife in Richmond he was only 58 years old but looked to be much older. At that time the Union army had infested Richmond. Feeling that the war was soon to end, Brady, the noted war photographer, followed Lee's retreating army out of Richmond. He missed the surrender scene but doubled back to Richmond in order to photograph Lee.

His request was at first refused, but when the commander of the Union force in Richmond called on Lee, the request to pose for a picture for history was successful.

On the lower back porch of his home in Richmond the picture was taken. Brady took an hour to get a pose of Lee to his liking. Lee was dressed in the same uniform he wore when he met with Grant to surrender except he did not wear his uniform sash.

Four exposures were made by Brady in the effort to get a good picture. Two of the plates were no good and one was only fair. But the fourth plate was one to Brady's liking. It was a remarkable photograph, judged by the best standards. That negative got lost. For years it was gone but finally was found. Immediately some pictures were made from it.

A MEMBER of Congress who knew that I was interested in the Civil War had a fine picture made for me. It was framed and put under glass and sent to me. It is a picture about two feet high and 18 inches wide. Today it hangs in the Civil War section of my library where this is written.

Lee and I were the same size, each being six feet tall and 185 pounds in weight. There the similarity ends, though, as he wore a shoe that was size 7½ and my big feet are of such size that though a 10½ shoe fits my feet I wear a number 12 to make my pedal extremities more comfortable.

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WHEN LEE surrendered, a Fitzgerald family was living near the surrender grounds. Thomas H. Fitzgerald (1854-1952) lived there. Later on, Fitzgerald was to live here in Beckley where he dwelt on South Oakwood where he died in 1952 at the great age of 98 years.

He spent all his mature life in the Baptist ministry. He told me that when Lee surrendered at Appomattox, it was time for people to plow their gardens. Young Tom Fitzgerald took it upon himself to go into the Yankee ranks to get a mule or a horse to plow the family garden. A Yankee Army captain gave the boy a mule that had been lamed. With that lame Army mule, the lad got his garden in shape for spring planting.

The Rev. T.H. Fitzgerald ended his days in Beckley and is buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetery in Oak Hill. He was minister of the Oak Hill Baptist Church in two different pastorates. When his last one ended in 1922, I was called to succeed him.

He was a graduate of Richmond College, now the University of Richmond.

WHEN THE Civil War stopped, Capt. W.D. Thurmond (1820-1910) was in the field with his Partisan Ranger Command. When his command was disbanded, the captain returned to Oak Hill where his home had been burned by the Yankee units in that area.

He had his farm a couple of miles from where this is written. That farm now comprises the burial grounds of the Gethsemane Cemetery. I knew a number of the Thurmond command after I settled in Oak Hill in 1922-23.

The town of Thurmond embodies the name of the redoubtable field soldier, Capt. William D. Thurmond.

Antietam Bloodbath

By Shirley Donnelly

With the passing of Orville P. Shade (Oct. 25, 1895-June 1, 1979) here in old Beckley town one of my Civil War buff friends passed to Valhalla. He and I worked at the VA hospital here in Beckley for a number of years. There was one battle of the Civil War that Orville P. Shade, a World War I veteran, liked to discuss. It was the bloody battle of Antietam. He knew the terrain of the field and was thoroughly conversant about the forces that clashed there on Sept. 17, 1862. One time Orville Shade brought me a Minie ball which was shot in the battle of Antietam. He had found it one day when he was roaming the battlefield. And now for a word or so on Antietam and the great battle there.



JUST IN CASE you don't know it, there flows in western Maryland a little stream that empties into the Potomac River. It is called Antietam Creek. Hard by this creek is the quiet town of Sharpsburg, Md. It was almost by chance that the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia collided with the Union host under the command of Gen. George B. McClellan.

Gen. Robert E. Lee commanded the Confederate Army. Gen. Lee had 55,000 ragged and barefooted men in his army to oppose McClellan's hastily formed army that was almost double that of the Confederate commander.

Morale in the Confederate Army was high, that of the Union Army being just only so-do. As a matter of fact, one man in every three in the Union army was a foreigner. Lee's men were in high spirits after defeating the Yankees at the second Battle of Bull Run only recently. Many of McClellan's men had been the losers in the Peninsula campaign where Lee had driven them back from Richmond's gates at the Battle of Seven Pines.

FOR VIOLENCE the battle of Antietam has never been equalled in wars. Every shot was fired in anger with the result that the bodies of the "boys in blue" and the "boy in grey" lay in ranks like swaths of grass cut by the scythe. Loss on each side ranged around the 12,000 mark. In Lee's case it sadly crippled his army, causing him to retreat back across the Potomac into Virginia. A strange thing happened to change the issue on that bloody field.

THAT STRANGE THING that took place was the loss of Lee's orders for battle. Gen. D. H. Hill, brother-in-law of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, was one of Lee's division commanders. He got an extra copy of Lee's General Order No. 191, the order for the contest at Antietam. Hill smoked cigars, the only one of Lee's generals who did.

Hill wrapped the order around one of his cigars. In some way that cigar got dropped from his pocket and was found by a Union soldier who hurried it to McClellan.

That stroke of Union army luck resulted in McClellan's offsetting Lee's strategy. It turned the tide of battle against Lee. While the battle was really a draw, the failure of Lee to win it caused his invasion of the North to be reversed.

AT THAT TIME, the North was getting weary of the war. Mounting casualties were sadly disheartening. Lee knew this and felt if he could win a decisive action in the field a negotiated peace between the Union and Confederate governments could be made.

Should Lee win a big battle, then England and France might recognize the Confederate States government and thus help the Confederate cause. Lincoln was trying to infuse a moral issue into the struggle by issuing his Emancipation Proclamation to the slaves in the Southern states, an issue on which he had been halting for a time. From then on the North was fighting "to set men free."

LINCOLN WANTED Lee's army destroyed but McClellan was too slow about it. He was always cautious and Lee knew this. McClellan would never order a movement of his army until the last mule was shod. When Lee went across the Potomac, McClellan followed him so slowly that he was relieved of his command and Gen. Ambrose P. Burnside succeeded him.

When Lee reached Virginia he regrouped his forces to invade the North once more. On his second attempt he was stopped at Gettysburg July 1-3, 1863. From then on the success of the Confederate rapidly declined. But it was the crippling of Lee's army at Antietam that was the beginning of the end.

Beckley Post Herald - June 11, 1979

Wade Hampton Riffe Had Real Foresight

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

When Wade Hampton Riffe of Lester died July 25, he lacked but a single day of rounding out 83 years. He was born July 26, 1879, when Rutherford B. Hayes was president.

That was the year the government began to re-issue the silver dollar and minted them by the million. That was the year the United States treasurer



issued the good news to the country that its "greenback" paper money was "good as gold." He was born ten years before Montana, Washington, North and South Dakota were admitted to the Union and 11 years before Idaho and Wyoming were made states. When Riffe was 13 Utah was admitted as our 45th state.

He lived to see Oklahoma become a state in 1907; New Mexico and Arizona in 1912; and also Alaska and Hawaii in recent days. Twelve states in all, he saw come into the Union. Like his brother, Judge W. A. Riffe, history was a favorite subject of Wade Hampton Riffe of Lester.

THE FATHER of Wade Riffe was George Lewis Riffe. Wade's uncle was Owen Riffe and during the Civil War Owen was in the Confederate Army and fortunate to be under an officer who made him study, according to Oran Riffe, son of Wade and principal of the Midway School in Raleigh County.

It was the circumstance of serving under a cultured southern officer that Owen Riffe acquired an admiration for the southern patriot and soldier, Wade Hampton, rich South Carolina planter who spent his vast fortune in

behalf of the Confederacy.

When Mrs. Electra Brown Riffe presented her husband with a son on July 26, 1879, the Confederate veteran uncle persuaded George and Electra Riffe to name heir newborn son Wade Hampton Riffe.

WADE RIFFE GOT IT into his head that he wanted a farm. Accordingly he set out for the West and there roamed in search of a place to his liking. Nowhere did he find one. After searching far and wide for such a place, he decided he would return to the Soak Creek community whence he had started.

On his return he bought a holding whereon part of Sophia now sprawls. This suited him better than anything he saw elsewhere. On his Soak Creek farm he lived a contented life as a farmer, teamster, and miner. In the course of his married life he gave to the world a good family, one of intellectuals with college degrees. It was this man who gave Sophia its name, or was responsible for so naming it.

WHEN THE VIRGINIAN was building its railroad through there, Wade Riffe persuaded the rail authorities to name their station at that point on Soak Creek after Mrs. Sophia McGinnis. As a teamster, Riffe hauled the timbers for the Virginian trestles near his place, says his son.

The first wife of Wade Riffe was the daughter of Rev. Alf Cole, Methodist minister. It was Rev. Alf Cole who sold to Oliver Riffe the farm whereon Crab Orchard stands today. Oliver Riffe raised a numerous family and was a cousin of Wade.

IN THE REALM of learning, history, geography, and arithmetic had particular fascination for Wade H. Riffe. In this he

was a great deal like his brother, Judge Winton A. Riffe, now of Bedford, Va., who has an encyclopediac mind when it comes to local history, particularly the history of Raleigh County. But the Judge's knowledge of history is not confined to Raleigh alone as there is but little he does not know about the state.

WADE RIFFE was a very practical man when it came to matters of the land. He loved it like it was a mother because he knew it nourished him. He knew in the last analysis that the only thing in all the world that has any real and intrinsic value is a little patch of ground that will grow something to eat!

To him it was little short of presumption to pray "Give us this day our daily bread" and then not help God Almighty answer that prayer by conserving soil. He felt it was downright sinful to cut down a tree and not set a replacement, thereby lowering the water table. Few persons were better examples of religion in work clothes than this man who was born at Lester more than 83 years ago.

RIFFE LEFT FEW things to chance. He believed in planning ahead. An example of this was seen when we buried him at Mount Tabor. Long ago he bought and had erected his own imposing tombstone with his name and that of his wife engraved on it. There we left him. He was a past Grand Master of Lester Lodge 34, I.O.O.F., a lodge of which he had been a member for right at half a century.

In his religious life he was of the Baptist persuasion and lived a good life. He left a distinct impression on the community where he was born and lived a long and eminently useful life. God rest his soul in endless peace!

Antietam Seen As Climax Of Civil War

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Last of the Civil War battles to be re-enacted during the present centennial of that struggle will be the Battle of Antietam. They will put on a show there in September on the 100th anniversary of that bloody brawl.

The Battle of Antietam was fought over an area of only about 2,400 acres of land between the Potomac and Antietam Creek.

There on that field was the climax of the Confederacy, in my humble opinion. Although the battle was roughly a draw, it showed the governments of Europe that the Confederate States of America were headed for certain defeat. This caused the countries to file away any plans they had for recognizing the existence of the Confederate States as a separate nation.

Had Lee's small army of half the size of McClellan's fully-equipped army defeated the Union commander at Antietam the story of the South might have been different.

Though the North could not crow over the outcome at Antietam, the turn of affairs influenced Lincoln to issue the Emancipation Proclamation freeing the slaves. This was a political asset to Lincoln and his people.

IN HIS CAMPAIGN into Maryland, Lee issued his famous Special Orders No. 191 on the morning of Sept. 9, 1862. In those orders he placed his army in four separate commands. By accident Lee's orders fell into the hands of McClellan who then knew how to checkmate his adversary. Lee found out that the Union commander had the Confederate plans to his consternation, on the morning of Sept. 14.

McClellan was marching to Lee's army but marching only a few miles a day. This was in contrast to the way Jackson marched. Jackson's

forces had a garrison of about 11,000 men. Three sections of Lee's army were sent to bag the Federals at the Ferry. The remaining fourth of Lee's little army he used to screen or cover this action. Jackson was to take Harpers Ferry and he did.

WHEN LEE WORKED OUT his tactical movement he had six copies of Special Orders No. 191 made. These were laboriously written out with a pen because typewriters and mimeographs were then unknown. In those orders Lee directed the division of his army into four separate commands, a very daring thing for a field commander to do. But Lee knew McClellan was slow and would never let any force move until the last mule was fully and completely shod!

A copy of Lee's order was to go to Jackson, Longstreet, D. H. Hill, McLaws, and Walker. One was to be kept for Lee's records. Jackson was to lead the Harpers Ferry expedition. Hill was to hold Lee's base of supplies and head off the Federals if they tried to escape from the Ferry.

These orders were issued, delivered, and to be receipted for by those receiving them. This led to a tragic situation.

IN THEIR COUNCIL of war in this effort, Longstreet thought Lee's plans foolhardy and bucked his commander. Too risky, Longstreet thought. A calculated risk like Lee was proposing was too great for Lee's barefooted force.

But Longstreet was a soldier and obeyed. He took Lee's orders and, after digesting them mentally, tore the paper into tippets and chewed it up!

Jackson figured Lee was taking too much of chance with his small, tired army but "bought" his commander's plan when he— Jackson — was permitted to tackle and take Harper's Ferry and its garrison. Into the inside

of his coat Jackson placed his copy of the orders. But Jackson wrote out a copy of the orders and gave them to General Hill, Jackson's brother-in-law. This was to have given Hill two copies of the orders, as Lee was to send him a copy. Hill claimed he never got the copy from the army commander.

Hill carefully put away Jackson's copy which was sent him. On the morning of Sept. 10 the four separate commands of Lee's army were in motion, headed for their respective missions.

AFTER A CONFEDERATE command near Frederick, Md., had been evacuated, in moved the Federal's 27th Indiana Regiment and sprawled out under some trees. Three cigars, wrapped about with a paper were found by two soldiers of the 27th Indiana. That paper proved to be a copy of Lee's secret orders.

This order was hurried through channels to McClellan who thought the matter over and decided the copy of the orders were not a plant, or ruse, to divert his movements.

News of McClellan's joy was noted by a Confederate sympathizer who got the word to Lee in time.

IT WAS ALWAYS BELIEVED that it was D. H. Hill's copy of the order that got lost. This Hill denied. It was known Hill did not think much of Lee's plan and this led to the accusation that he threw the plan away on purpose. Besides, Hill smoked cigars! But lost it was and McClellan got it. Whoever lost those plans kept it to himself and the real truth as to who lost them will not be known until Judgement Day. It caused Lee great discomfort but he offset McClellan's advantage when learning of the loss before the bloody issue was joined at Antietam Creek.



Civil War Battle Of The Crater

By Shirley Donnelly

July 30 was let get by me without telling you all about the Civil War battle of "The Crater" on the outskirts of Petersburg, Va., on July 30, 1864.

Petersburg was guarded with miles of forts and other defenses. Petersburg stood between Grant's great army and Richmond, the capital and heart of the Confederacy. For ten months Grant's host besieged Petersburg with little or no success at reducing it.

One desperate plan was made to break the defense lines of the city and capture it. Both Grant and Meade favored the plan of undermining one of the Confederate strong points with eight thousand pounds of black powder. Meanwhile wild rumors got the citizens of Petersburg in an uproar. Rumor had it that the whole city was being undermined and would shortly be blown sky-high!



PLAN WAS like this: on June 25 Gen. Ambrose Burnside had started to tunnel under the Confederate fort that had been selected to be blown up. Burnside was induced to do this by Col. Pleasants of the Pennsylvania Volunteers whose regiment was composed of coal miners. Pleasants was himself a practical miner. Meade and Grant approved the plan.

At that time the Union army lines and the Confederate lines were about 100 yards apart. Work on starting the tunnel began in a ravine with the ground sloping back toward the Confederate lines. Strong points in the Confederate line angled in direction of the tunnel.

That tunnel or gallery was about 500 feet long to the point it ended under the Confederate works. A cross tunnel about eighty feet long was made right under the Confederate fort. Eight rooms or chambers were then branched off the eighty-foot tunnels under the fort. In each of those eight chambers a ton of black powder was placed.

ALL WAS IN readiness for the explosion. It was to be blown as soon as friend from foe could be distinguished in daylight the morning of July 30, 1864.

Gen. Burnside selected Gen. Ferrero and his Negro Division to make the assault through the opening when the Confederate fort was blown up. It was about 5 a.m. when the big explosion went off. It made a crater 20 feet deep and about 100 feet long.

A division of Gen. Ledlie marched into that gaping hole. In short order the Confederate units got into action and turned the Union army assault into a slaughter.

Before the Negro Division started their attack they were all fortified with a heavy drink of corn whiskey.

Union effort on the mine plan was a stupendous failure. It cost the Union army about 4,000 men.

Those who huddled in the crater were slaughtered and left in it as a grave. Under a flag of truce, the dead and wounded were collected off the battlefield by 9 a.m. that morning.

MY FIRST church charge was within a mile of the crater. That was from 1919 to end of 1922. When I lived near the crater for five years, dozens if my parishioners lived on that battlefield. There the land is sandy. In front of the crater was a big field where peanuts were raised.

Walking over that field it was no uncommon thing to pick up a number of Minie balls that were fired in that bloody battle. In my library I have a quart jar full of those Civil War bullets.

One time I saw two Minie balls that had collided in mid-air. They were hot as fire and welded against each other. Another was found that had met nose-to-nose with its enemy bullet. In striking each other, point to point, they squashed into the form of a five-point star.

When Generalissimo Foch of World War I fame visited Richmond the city of Petersburg struck a medal to present to the great French general. That five-point star of two Minie balls was hung as a pendent to the Petersburg decoration. That medal bore the inscription "from the Verdun that fell to the Verdun that did not fall." I saw that five-pint bullet star.

WHEN I LIVED in Petersburg from 1919 to 1923 dozens of the Confederate veterans who fought in the Crater battle were alive and well. They were between 70 and 80 and had vivid memories of the Crater struggle.

When I lived in Petersburg the Civil War battlefield had not been made a National Park. One day when I was out in the Crater field I walked down into the crater with the one who owned the field and farmed it.

Standing in the bottom of the crater the owner said, "You are standing on top of 300 Negro soldiers of the Yankee army." Slaughtered there in that pit they were buried there that bloody day of July 30, 1864.

That was the day that a West Virginia Confederate Gen. "Tiger" John McCausland of Putnam County invaded Pennsylvania, under orders from Gen. Jubal Daryl, and reduced Chambersburg to charcoal.

Hawks Nest Golf Club Was Once Estate

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Coming from Montgomery to Oak Hill by way of Gauley Mountain recently a close look was taken at the beautiful golf grounds which once comprised the holdings of the late Col. C. Q. Tompkins of Civil War distinction. It is the Hawks Nest Golf Club but Hawks Nest is some miles east.



Long before the outbreak of the 1861-65 struggle, Tompkins located there and built a pretentious home. He was a West Point man and an engineer of ability. He came to Paint Creek to open some coal mines. When the rift between the states took definite shape in 1861, Tompkins became active in the Confederate cause. This took him afield but his family continued to reside there. Name of the estate was Gauley Mount.

After the Union forces were in possession of this country, it was a pleasant place for Gen. Jacob D. Cox and other Union officers to visit. The Tompkins family was finally sent through the lines to Richmond. The mansion was occupied by Generals Cox, Rosecranz, and others for the time they were in the area. Rutherford B. Hayes, then a lieutenant colonel and the judge advocate with the Federal forces, held military court in the parlor of the Tompkins home. The house stood until after the war was over when it was destroyed by fire. The Tompkins family never

returned to live at Gauley Mount. In subsequent years the site merged in the surrounding wilderness.

SITUATED on the Kanawha and James River Turnpike, the Tompkins place was a landmark thereon. When herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, as well as droves of hogs, were driven overland to eastern markets, the drovers turned their livestock into fenced fields on the Tompkins estate for the night. It was a haven of rest for both man and beast.

Treasured in my library is a picture of the home which was a show place 125 years ago.

MRS. TOMPKINS' given name was Ellen. While she was in Richmond during the hard times that followed the Civil War, she corresponded with Col. George W. Imboden, who had located at Ansted, in the interest of disposing of her lands on Gauley Mountain.

On Sept. 1, 1886, Mrs. Tompkins was at Gauley Bridge where she had been for ten days. She left there Saturday, Sept. 4, for Charlottesville. On that trip, Mrs. Tompkins renewed a lease on her land to Levi Shelton for another year. The lease, signed on Sept. 1, 1886, was witnessed by W. A. Miller. It was renewed from year to year. These papers are in my library.

The lease that ran from January, 1888 to January 1889, says: "It is agreed Mr. Levi Shelton will rent the farm, known as the Tompkins farm, in Fayette County on Gauley River on the following terms: Mr. Shelton is to

repair the house, namely, the roof, chimneys, and underpin the house, to make it secure, out of the rent he now owes (85 dollars) and is to render an account of the money it costs, but he is not to exceed that amount which is now due. He is to pay the rent for the year, from Jan. 1888, to Jan. 1889, 50 dollars, and to keep the fences in order. If the farm is sold during that year he is to be compensated for any crops he may have on hand, which compensation is to be decided on by competent persons."

IN 1861 TOMPKINS had a deed drawn—in April—in favor of Mrs. Tompkins, giving her the farm of 753 acres, thinking she might get compensation for it if the Union army destroyed it. Though the deed was drawn, Tompkins failed to sign it, nor did he appoint a trustee. Wrote Mrs. Tompkins on April 2, 1889, from her home at 8 N. 2nd St., Richmond:

"After the war was over, we were encouraged to believe, if we tried, we could get something for the damage done to the farm, through the influence of some Federal officers. A friend of my husband signed the deed as my trustee and I went to Washington several times to urge my claim but General Meigs and the Secretary of War refused my claim."

James C. Deaton was the man who signed the deed as Mrs. Tompkins' trustee. She wrote in the same letter to Imboden that "the officer who promised to aid me most at Washington was against me all the time."

Tomorrow more about the Gauley Mount estate of 753 acres and how it was sold to the advantage of Mrs. Ellen Tompkins.

Indirect Firing

By Shirley Donnelly

Early in the afternoon of Dec. 15 the ministry of comfort phase of my calling carried me to Fayetteville, there to officiate in the funeral of Mrs. Alma Caroline Legg (May 26, 1906-Dec. 12, 1980).

She was a good woman who was blest by heaven to live out her days and almost five years beyond the Scriptural Span of three score years and ten. She had been sick a long time before the day of her coronation.



We laid her to rest in High Lawn Memorial Park in Oak Hill where the one in charge of that burgeoning city of the dead told me that close to seven thousand are now there under the sod and the dew waiting the Judgment Day.

MY DRIVER was asked to go by way of the Nickelville settlement as the trip to the Fayette county capital was made. Reason for going that way was for me to see the recently restored highway historical marker which had lain in ruins for several years after it had been demolished by a reckless Jehu of the highways. Some years ago I requested the S.D.H. personnel to have the marker built back and they finally got around to it.

INSCRIPTION on that marker reads as follows:

"Indirect Firing

Nearby on May 19-20, 1863, Corporal Milton W. Humphreys, gunner in Bryant's Battery, 13th Virginia Light Artillery, C.S.A., made first use of indirect artillery fire in warfare. Target was Union Fort in Fayetteville."

WE HAD THE funeral of Alma Caroline Legg in the Dodd-Payne Funeral Home in Fayetteville, which occupied the spot of the Union Fort which Corporal Humphreys shelled more than 117 years ago. I knew Corporal Humphreys in the closing years of his life and talked to him many times. His gun was hidden in the pine thicket in present day Nickelville.

He estimated the distance his gun was from the target. That was the base of the triangle in his calculations. He knew how to elevate the barrel of his gun — he called the gun "Maggie" — at the proper angle. That was the hypotenuse of his triangle. Then he cut the fuse of the shell he fired so that it would spend its force right over the top of the fort target and then drop. That was the altitude of the triangle.

His mathematical calculations proved correct. Several dozen shells were fired before the Yankees figured out where the shells were coming from. In the afternoon of May 20, 1863, they — the Yankees — sent out an armed patrol to look for the gun. They finally found "Maggie." It was then that the 19-year-old gunner had to fall back to keep his gun from being captured. One of the shells fired at the fort failed to explode. It was found in recent years and given to me.

AFTER THE Civil War ended, Milton Humphreys (Sept. 15, 1844-Nov. 11, 1928) became a member of the faculty of Washington College — now Washington & Lee University — at Lexington, Va. General Robert E. Lee was president of Washington College when Humphreys taught there. After teaching under General Lee, Humphreys joined the faculty of the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. There he was Professor of Greek for 25 years. He held the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

In his terminal illness he was in the University Hospital at Charlottesville. There on Armistice Day — Nov. 11, 1920 — Dr. D. Humphreys came to the end of life (a journey at the age of 84 years, one month and 26 days).

Like myself, he was a devotee of Robert E. Lee.

Yesterday And Today—

Few Children Of Civil War Vets Living

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

At the funeral of Noah Judson Rhodes, 88, at Oak Hill on Nov. 25, I realized how old the sons and daughters of Confederate veterans are getting to be.



Judson Rhodes—"Jud," as he was popularly known—was the son of a Confederate veteran. He was born at Meadow Bridge on May 20, 1874,

some nine years after his father, Joel Yancy Rhodes returned from the war. During the war Joel Yancy Rhodes was a private in the Partisan Rangers commanded by Captain W. D. Thurmond of Oak Hill.

Joel Yancy Rhodes was 31 when he was mustered into the outfit which operated in the Fayette-Raleigh County area as well as in Virginia.

MEN IN THE THURMOND

command were in the saddle almost night and day until the fighting ended. However, the rigors of the war did not shorten the life of Joel Yancy Rhodes. He lived 95 years.

I knew him a short time and it fell to me to conduct the funeral of the old ranger on February 16, 1926. He has a grandson living in Oak Hill now. He is V. B. (Boob) Rhodes, who was a Mess Sergeant in World War I, and was present at the funeral of his uncle, Jud Rhodes. Boob's father was D. L. Rhodes.

At Oak Hill on Nov. 8, Mrs. Allie L. Duncan-Brown passed on. She was 75. Mrs. Brown was a member of the Southern Cross

Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Her father was John L. Duncan, one of the privates in the Partisan Ranger Company that was commanded by Capt. Philip J. Thurmond, brother of Capt. William Dabney Thurmond, who commanded the Partisan Ranger company in which Joel Yancy Rhodes was a private.

CAPTAIN PHILIP THURMOND

organized his company in Monroe County on May 2, 1862, but the men in the company were from Greenbrier, Fayette, Raleigh, Monroe counties, and possibly others.

Duncan was locally known as "Long John" Duncan to single him out from the other John Duncans of this section. He was a tall man. He was only 18 when he signed up for service. He was a native of the Green Sulphur section of what is now Summers County. Duncan lived to be a little over 80 years of age.

He was survived by his brother George Duncan and a sister, Mrs. Mary Martha Conner. On June 28, 1931, Mrs. Conner died at the age of 85. John L. Duncan moved his family to Oak Hill from Green Sulphur Springs in 1900.

Another surviving son of one of the men who served alongside John L. Duncan is Charles G. Rhodes, now living at Pompano Beach, Florida. He is about 87, and was still going strong when I last heard from him a year or so ago. Green Rhodes, his father, was wounded in a skirmish with the Federal forces in Green Sulphur Springs district.

ONLY ONE OF THE old Par-

tisan Rangers that I knew real well was Philip McCoy. When I came to Oak Hill in January, 1923, Philip McCoy was living with his daughter, Mrs. Charles Tyler, in Oak Hill. McCoy was a pretty vigorous old fellow at that time and had a good mind. He took keen delight in narrating his Civil War experiences. He was in Captain W. D. Thurmond's company and was in Virginia when news of Lee's surrender was received.

McCoy said that Captain Thurmond asked for volunteers to join him to ride to join the confederate army under General Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina. Not a man in Thurmond's company offered to go with their Captain! Then Thurmond invited some of his men to come and go home with him in Monroe County. McCoy was one who accompanied Thurmond. On reaching the temporary home of Capt. W. D. Thurmond in Monroe County, all they had to eat on arrival was tomato soup, McCoy told me. After the passage of about 58 years, McCoy remembered well that tomato soup.

BUT WHAT OF the two Partisan Ranger captains, William D. Thurmond and Philip J. Thurmond? Philip was mortally wounded in a night battle at Winfield, Oct. 26, 1864. William lived to be 89 years old. At the funeral of Jud Rhodes, the presence of Mrs. Alma Harvey-Baumgartner, granddaughter of Capt. W. D. Thurmond, was noticed in the congregation. She is the widow of the late Gus A. Baumgartner, Oak Hill.

Visiting Civil War Buff Gets Minie Ball

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

At a chance meeting in the ancient Babcock Coal Company store at Cliff Top on July 22, it developed that the Civil War is a topic of mutual interest.

One of the three men, an utter stranger to me, hailed from Long Island, N. Y., and is vacationing in Babcock State Park. The second man



was Dr. J. Lester Harnish, late of Portland, Ore., but now president of Eastern Baptist College, Philadelphia, as well as president of Eastern Baptist Seminary 10 miles out of the City of Brotherly love. A son of the Long Island man is a Civil War buff and so is Dr. Harnish, whose son is a history teacher.

AT THE OLD STONE House, Russell Lego, the custodian, was talked out of a couple of Civil War minie balls which he had found in the Big Sewell Mountain section, where armies of the North and the South took potshots at each other in the Sewell Mountain Campaign of 1861.

Lego has found a lot of such Civil War missiles with the very fine metal detector he owns. One of the minie balls he let Dr. Harnish have was a Confederate bullet. He let him have it on my promise to replace it with one from the jar full of the minie balls in my collection.

That Confederate bullet from the Big Sewell section was either fired there or lost there 107 years ago. Sight of it recalled the rather sizeable but now extinct Confederate Veterans Camp we had in Fayette County and those who made up its membership.

JEB STUART CAMP, No. 1585, Confederate Veterans of Fayette County, W. Va., was constituted in 1909 with over 40 Confederate veterans enrolled. When the Rev. A. B. Duncan (April 15, 1843-Jan. 17, 1929), the last commander of that camp, passed to Valhalla, only six of the veterans were left alive.

That camp held regular meetings for a number of years but the infirmities of the aged members caused the camp's last meeting to be held in 1927.

When Duncan died, the camp's surviving members were Philip McCoy, John Dickerson, W. E. Hamilton, D. B. Moore, J. H. Hoover and S. S. Simmons. Of these, I knew Philip McCoy best. Long ago those valiants were gathered to company with the irrepressible Jeb Stuart, who fell at the engagement at Yellow Tavern in Virginia.

ORIGINAL ROLL of the Jeb Stuart Camp included: J. H. Abbott, Co. H, 8th Va., Cavalry, Beckwith; J. A. Amick, Co. C, 22 Va. Regiment, Infantry, Ravens Eye; Stephen Arthur, Thurmond's Company, Fayetteville; J. H. Burns, Co. I, 8 Va. Cavalry, Sun; J. J. Baughan, 25th Battalion, Va. Infantry, Dempsey; T. R. Cooper, 22nd Va. Infantry, Ansted; G. W. Cole, Co. C, 22nd Va. Inf., Victor; Arthur B. Duncan, Co. C, 60th Va. Inf., Oak Hill.

Also: John L. Duncan of Capt. Philip Thurmond's Company, Oak Hill; Capt. S. S. Dews, Co. C, 60th Va. Infantry; J. W. Davis, Co. H, 5th Va. Inf. Fayetteville; A. R. Dickerson, Co. H, 25th Va. Inf., Russellville; John Dickerson, Co. H., 25th Va. Inf., Hico; T. H. Hess, Co. C, 22nd Va. Lansing; W. A. Hornsby, French's Artillery Battery, Minden; W. E. Hamilton, Capt. W. D. Thurmond's Company,

Wriston; H. H. Haynes, Co. C, 60th Va. Inf. Victor.

J. R. HUDDLESTON, Co. C, 60th Va. Inf., Oak Hill; M. C. Hayes, Co. K, 14th Va. Cavalry, Ansted; John Holly, Co. E. 27th Va. Inf., Ansted; J. H. Hoover, Co. C. 2nd Va. Cavalry, Long-acre; Col George W. Imboden, 18th Va. Cavalry, Ansted; W. H. Jeffries, Capt. W. D. Thurmond's Company, Gatewood; James Lykins, Co. C, 22nd Va. Inf., Victor; Philip McCoy, Capt. W. D. Thurmond's Company, Ansted.

Also D. B. Moore, Co. E. 22nd Va. Inf., Russellville; C. B. Mahood, French's Battery, Oak Hill; William Mahood, Co. D, 36th Va. Inf., Fayetteville; J. H. Mankin, Co. C, 36th Va. Inf., Ansted; Harry Nunnery, Co. I, 8th Va. Cavalry, Victor; J. K. Painter, Capt. W. D. Thurmond's Company, Pax; J. G. Parks, Major, Co. G., 7th Va. Inf., Cotton Hill; W. M. Reynolds, Thurmond's Company, Fayetteville; H. H. Skaggs, Co. C., 22nd Va. Inf., Victor.

ALSO M. TONEY, Co. A., 30th Va. Inf., Gatewood; D. H. Terry, Co. B., 46th N. C. Inf., Minden; Joseph M Tyree, Co. C., 22nd Va. Inf., Ansted; William Willard, Co. D., 45th Va. Inf., Fayetteville; and J. M. Walker, Co. E, 23rd Va. Inf., Russellville.

Long ago these "boys in grey" went to the "bivouac eternal," there to rest in peace until the bugle of time awakens them at reveille on the great judgment morning.

Several of those confederate Veterans of the Jeb Start Camp, I knew when they were in their sunset years. In quite a number cases, it was my melancholy lot to read the last rites over them in various God's Acre plots here and there in this area.

Cloyd's Mountain Was Scene Of Battle

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

On the road to Roanoke the other day, we passed over Cloyd's Mountain and by the fine farm lands owned by Joseph Floyd in the days of his flesh.

One of the bloodiest engagements of the Civil War was fought there on May 9, 1864. All the area was clothed in the verdure of spring, when



3,000 Confederates, under the command of General Albert Galatin Jenkins, threw a road block across the advance of 12,000 Union soldiers commanded by General George Crook.

In that lethal melee, both sides played for keeps. It was an uneven contest and the Confederates, with three regiments and one battalion of infantry, plus two batteries of artillery, were overcome by the Union's 12 regiments and 10 pieces of artillery.

Crook's formidable force had advanced up the Kanawha and New rivers and reached Dublin in Pulaski county. At a crucial moment in the fierce battle General Jenkins was mortally wounded.

AFTER THE 33-YEAR old Confederate general fell, the command of the Southern force devolved upon Col. John (Tiger John) McCausland, 27, whose men had taken up position near the base of Cloyd's Mountain on the Joseph Cloyd farm.

Fifteen days after the contest on Joe Cloyd's land, the Confederate States War Department promoted McCausland, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute, to rank of brigadier general. He was about the youngest general officer at that time in either army in the 1861-

65 struggle.

In the Cloyd Mountain battle, the Confederates sustained 540 casualties, including General Jenkins, who was mortally wounded by fire from a Pennsylvania brigade, which attacked the 60th Virginia Regiment of Jenkins' command.

IN THE FIGHT, the total strength of the Yankee army was 9,000 as against 3,000 Confederates. Greatest loss of a single Confederate unit was that of the 60th Virginia Regiment. Its casualty list numbered 152, of which 20 were killed, 68 wounded and 64 missing.

Its "C" Company was commanded by Capt. S. S. Dews, a Fayette County man. He was wounded in the affray but not seriously. Captain Dews was the grandfather of H. B. Dews, Oak Hill postmaster.

Col. Beuhring H. Jones was in command of the 40th Virginia Regiment on the Cloyd field. In this campaign, General Crook destroyed the depot at Dublin and the large bridge over New river.

GENERAL JENKINS was born at Greenbottom in Cabell County, Nov. 10, 1830, and educated at Virginia Military Institute, Jefferson College, and Harvard University. He was a lawyer by profession and was admitted to the bar as a young man.

He was a member of the U. S. House of Representatives when he was only 27 years old. He served in Congress from 1857 to 1861.

While in the field as a Confederate soldier, he was elected to the Congress of the Confederate States of America. In 1861, he organized a company of mounted men for the Confederacy. After the company was mustered, he took the whole unit to his home for dinner there at Greenbottom!

Jenkins was in the battle at Scary and in other brushes in the Kanawha valley. He became lieutenant colonel and then colonel of the Eighth Virginia Cavalry. Next he was promoted to rank of brigadier general on Aug. 5, 1862. He conducted two expeditions to the Ohio and was in the campaigns in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

AT THE BATTLE of Gettysburg, July, 1863, General Jenkins was wounded while leading his men. Thereafter he was returned to his command in the Department of Western Virginia.

He commanded the Confederates in the Cloyd Mountain battle, where he fell on May 9. He died from his wounds on May 21, 1864. After he was buried in the family graveyard on the hillside opposite his Greenbottom home, his remains were exhumed and reinterred in the big cemetery on the hill at Huntington opposite the West Virginia State Hospital. An imposing monument marks the grave.

About five years ago, when the West Virginia Commission on Highway Historic Markers erected one to General Jenkins, I was asked to make the dedicatory address.

After that address at Greenbottom, we moved on up the Ohio river to Henderson, where a similar address was made when the marker to General John (Tiger John) McCausland was unveiled. Present at the McCausland marker were some of the general's children, all of them well along in years.

General McCausland was the Confederate general who reduced Chambersburg, Pa., to charcoal under orders from General Jubal (Old Jube) Early. McCausland was a VMI graduate, like Jenkins. He died at his home near Pt. Pleasant in 1947, at the age of 90 years.

Friends, Relatives Joined Thurmond Unit

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

William L. Bibb, son of Charles and Elizabeth Bibb, was born near Bowyer's Ferry on July 16, 1831.

When the Civil War broke out, his brother-in-law, William D. Thurmond (1820-1920), raised a company of Confederate guerrillas. Thurmond married Sarah Jane Bibb, William's sister, on Feb. 5, 1852. In the company which Thurmond recruited, William was made a first lieutenant.



Another daughter of Charles and Elizabeth Bibb was named Delilah. She married Baltzer Helvey in Fayette County on March 29, 1842. She died in Sheridan County, Wyo., on Nov. 17, 1895. Helvey and his wife had a daughter named Sarah, who was born Sept. 15, 1845. On April 5, 1866, she married Green Rodes. Thereby hangs a Confederate army story.

WHEN THURMOND was enlisting men for his company, Rodes signed on the dotted line. On Sept. 19, 1862, he was mustered in. Thurmond was Rodes' uncle.

Rodes rose to rank of second sergeant in the unit. On the early morning of July 4, 1863, a group of mounted Union infantry was ambushed in the narrow ravine through which the Giles, Fayette, and Kanawha Turnpike ran as it left present day Bradley toward Mount Hope.

The Yankee unit was under the command of Capt. Joseph Ankrom and was literally cut to pieces by the fire of Thurmond's men. It was three o'clock in the morning and in the darkness it was every man for himself with the Yankees. They lost

their horses in their effort to get away in the surrounding woods.

IN THAT DARK melee Green Rodes captured enough Yankee horses to sell and pay for the 200-acre farm he was buying where the mining settlement of Cunard (Coal Run) is built today. Charles G. Rodes Sr., now about 90 and living in Florida, at Pompano Beach and Fort Lauderdale, is the son of Green Rodes and told me this story some years ago.

There was some traffic and trade with the enemy during the Civil War. If a Confederate captured or had horses for sale, all he had to do was ride them upstate in West Virginia and get good federal money for them. The battle in which Rodes captured the horses took place near the horse stables of Amon, the architect and horseman, at the north end of Bradley. The rocks are still in place where Thurmond's men put them up as breastworks the evening of July 3, 1863.

BALTZER HELVEY, the brother-in-law of Capt. Thurmond, volunteered for Thurmond's company and rode with the command throughout the 1861-65 struggle. Thus, Sgt. Green Rodes outranked his father-in-law, Pvt. Helvey.

I knew two of the comrades of Helvey and Rodes. They were Joel Yancy Rodes and Phillip McCoy. On Feb. 16, 1926, it fell to me to officiate at the funeral of Joel Yancy Rodes, 94, with burial in Gatewood Cemetery. As for Phillip McCoy, who was a corporal at the time of "the surrender" in 1865, Thurmond said McCoy "was the best soldier in my company."

THERE WAS A George Gill in the Thurmond company. In the Bibb cemetery a number of Gills are buried. They are Ames

Gill, 1854-1936; Mary Gill, 1857-1938; George Gill, 1878-1950; Lisker Gill, 1894-1928; Pat Gill, 1889-1909, and Martha Gill, 1883-1900. They may have been relatives of Pvt. George Gill.

The Bibbs had in the war 1st. Lt. William L. Bibb, who was in the Thurmond outfit. A brother who soldiered with Thurmond was Third Sgt. Robert G. Thurmond who married Margaret Helvey, another daughter of Baltzer Helvey. Robert G. Thurmond was mustered in on Sept. 19, 1862. He had married Margaret Helvey in 1861, when she was 18. She and her husband had 13 children. He died Aug. 20, 1907.

CARY BIBB, father of 15 children, had 9 by his first wife and 6 by his second wife. Two of Bibb's sons I knew. They were Milton C. Bibb (1848-1939) and Rev. W. N. Bibb (1855-1940). Milton lived to the age of 90 while his brother was 85 when he passed away. We have the powder horn and shot pouch of Cary Bibb which currently is on loan to the museum of the Fayette County Historical Society at Ansted.

Milton Bibb was a great believer in marriage. He was married four times. His first three wives died but his fourth, Mrs. Sadie J. Kincaid Bibb, survived him. He once told me, "I have been married four times and if Sadie were to drop off I would look around again." At that time he was 88 years of age. Bibb was a fine man. He broke the ground for the Oak Hill Baptist Church Building on July 4, 1924.

Need Of Salt Led To Fayetteville Battle

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Events which led to the battle action at Fayetteville, Sept. 10, 1862, were something like this. There had been transfers of commanders in both Federal and Confederate forces in this general area.

On Feb. 15, 1862, W. W. Loring was promoted to rank of major general and placed in command of all Confederate forces in the middle section of what is now

West Virginia. In Loring's command were such units as the 22nd, 36th, 45th, 50th, 53rd, and 60th Infantry regiments; and the 26th and 30th battalions, Virginia Infantry; and Bryan's Chapman's, Lowry's, Otey's, and Stamps' batteries of artillery.

These forces, with an independent cavalry force of about 1,000 men under Gen. A. G. Jenkins, were organized into brigades, commanded respectively by Brig. Gen. John Echols, Brig. Gen. J. S. Williams, and Col. G. C. Wharton.

Loring had distinguished himself in the Mexican War as a major of mounted riflemen. He had lost his left arm at Chapultepec and had been promoted for bravery. A field soldier who had been distinguished in a war in which Robert E. Lee had been but a captain and Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson only a lieutenant, enjoyed great prestige among his officers and men.

AT THIS SAME TIME, the Department of the Kanawha, in the Federal army was under the command of Col. (later brigadier general) J. A. J. Lightburn.

This man, was, incidentally, the



progenitor of old Joseph B. Lightburn of Jane Lew who thinks Pearl Buck is a Communist, or a reasonable facsimile thereof.

Lightburn had seven regiments of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and 14 pieces of artillery. Some of his units were widely scattered, up at Summersville, over near Big Sewell, up and down Kanawha River, and here in Beckley.

At Beckley—then called Raleigh Court House—Federal Col. Edward Siber was stationed. Siber had here the 34th and the 37th Ohio regiments, with two companies out of these units stationed at Fayetteville. Siber's artillery consisted of four mountain Howitzer cannon and two smooth-bore guns of large calibre.

PRINCETON WAS THEN held by the Union. On Aug. 29, 1862, the Confederate secretary of war wired Loring that the letter-book of General Pope, who was in the command of the Federal Army of Northern Virginia, had been captured when Gen. Robt. E. Lee and Gen. Stonewall Jackson had defeated the Federal Army at the Second Battle of Bull Run Aug. 29, 1862.

From Pope's letter-book it was learned the Federals had orders to keep 5,000 men in West Virginia and send all the rest to Pope.

To General Loring the Confederate secretary of war sent this order: "Clear the Valley of the Kanawha and operate northwardly to a junction with our army in the Valley (of Virginia)."

Loring sent General Jenkins on a raid with his thousand-man cavalry outfit through the region north of the Kanawha Valley. He then concentrated the main body of his army at Giles Court House, near Pearisburg, Va. On Sept. 6, 1862, Loring marched on the south

side of New River in the direction of Fayetteville. He had with him all his infantry except Echols' Brigade and all the artillery he had—about 16 guns.

THERE WAS ANOTHER big and compelling reason the Confederate high command wanted Loring to get possession of the Kanawha Valley. That was salt! In Virginia and North Carolina the need for salt was very acute. Many families were entirely without it. The only supply of salt for the two big states was the output of the King Salt Works in southwest Virginia. If Loring could drive the Federals from the Kanawha Valley and get possession of the salt works near Charleston, then the sore need of salt would be more than met.

The Confederate force under Gen. Henry Heth was on its way to Princeton to help drive out the Federals when it was badly beaten at Lewisburg on May 23, 1862, by the Federals under Col. George W. Crook—later major general. This crushing defeat left Heth very unpopular because he was deemed incompetent. He was.

WHEN COLONEL SIBER whose command was here in Beckley heard of the approach of General Loring's Confederate army, he withdrew his force from Beckley and retreated to Fayetteville, which the Federals had rather strongly fortified. They had rifle trenches dug all around to small village which was important as the seat of justice of Fayette County, a strong secessionist section.

One of the main forts was where Dodd-Payne Funeral Home is today and another was atop the hill immediately north of the courthouse. There were other redoubts about to place, too.

Tomorrow the battle of Fayetteville.

There Is A Confederate In Arlington!

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

On Nov. 25 Phillip Francis Lord, 89, died. He was one of Col. Teddy Roosevelt's "Rough Riders" who stormed San Juan Hill on July 1-2 1898.

Lord died in Wesley Memorial Hospital at Chicago. He was only 19 when Roosevelt raised that volunteer force of cavalry and was given the rank of lieutenant colonel to command it. That outfit known as the "Rough Riders" was composed of cowboys from the West, college graduates from the East, and the sons of a number of wealthy families from all over the nation.

Lord's death at 89 further diminished the withering list of Spanish-American War veterans who now number between 7,000 and 8,000. Lord was an actor in civilian life.

LORD'S DEATH recalled another Spanish-American War veteran who, as far as I now know, was the first Confederate soldier to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery. And, maybe, he is the only man interred there who wore the grey in the Civil War.

Any man, whether soldier, sailor, or marine, who has fought for the flag has the right to be buried in the Arlington Cemetery. Because of limited space, burials there now have limiting factors.

But let's get to the story of the Confederate soldier buried there who fought against the Stars and Stripes.

IT MATTERS NOT what his rank, since, as Nathan Hake said, "I have but one life to give to my country." There is buried at Arlington a noted

Confederate officer, Gen. Joe Wheeler.

Prior to the outbreak of the Civil War Wheeler had been a soldier in the United States Army. Like Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, another Confederate officer who had been one of the U.S. regulars prior to 1861, Wheeler came back to join the U. S. Army after Appomattox.

Memories of his days in battle against the Yankees clung to Joe Wheeler after he again donned the uniform of blue as a professional soldier.

WHEELER HAD an attack of fever when the Spanish attack threatened the American forces but he was "rarin' to go" when the Battle of San Juan was joined.

William McKinley had served through the Civil War in an Ohio regiment and was made a major shortly before the war ended in April, 1865. McKinley, president at the time of the Spanish-American-100-days war in 1898, gave back to Wheeler his commission. When he bestowed Wheeler's commission upon him, the President remarked, "Joe, old boy, I am glad to hand it to you, but I love you too well for you to go down there and die of yellow jack (yellow fever)."

McKinley knew first hand his mettle and had great affection for Wheeler.

WHEELER WENT to Cuba and did soon fall ill with malaria. His doctors and nurses forbade his going in to the battle of San Juan. But "Old Joe," as all the army called him, ordered an ambulance and was among those present when the shooting started. He was then a bearded old soldier but with a lot of fight left in him.

Wheeler's staff, stationed near, watched the old war horse as he followed the fighting against the Spaniards. The Spanish line began to waver under American fire and the

Spaniards broke into a run.

"Just see the Damn Yankees run!" Wheeler exclaimed as he gave the old "Rebel yell." In truth, the smoke of battle transported General Wheeler's mind back to the battlefields of the 1860's when he was on the staff of Gen. Joe Johnston — the only man Lee ever called by his first name.

OFFICERS AND enlisted men at San Juan were horrified when they heard "Old Joe" Wheeler shout, "Just see the damn Yankees run!" One of them asked, "What was that you said General?"

Catching himself, "Old Joe," checked his speech, flushed slightly and added, "Beg pardon, I meant the damn Greasers — those Spanish dons." And all in the company roared as the famous erstwhile Confederate soldier laughed with them!

When "Old Joe" Wheeler's soul departed to company again with Lee and his lieutenants, the famed Civil War veteran and Spanish-American War soldier was buried with honors in Arlington National Cemetery to rest with the nation's hero dead.



Reader Sends Roll Of Pipestem Vets

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Reader Ethel Christian, a history buff from Camp Creek, has sent a list of Pipestem area Civil War veterans.

One of the Confederate veterans, Andrew Jackson Christian, was her father-in-law. He was a brother of all the other listed veterans named Christian. There were seven of the brothers in the same company.



Few families contributed that many fighting men to the Confederate army. The only other instance we know was a Fayette County family. There were seven sons of Phillip Thurmond of Minden who rendered service to the stars and stripes cause.

IN HER LETTER, Mrs. Christian notes that the Confederate statue at Hinton is named for Robert (Bob) Christian and that the Confederate war camp was Camp Bob Christian.

Of the seven Christian brothers, only one did not return home. He was John H. Christian.

The other 14 men of the unit who were killed in battle or died of other causes during the Civil War were Dr. A. L. Austin, James A. Caperton, S. N. Crawford, LaFayette Ferguson, A. L. Hedrick, Simon D. Hopkins, A. G. Law, P. W. Meador, James Neely, Edd M. Ryan, Bowman G. Ryan, C. A. Scott, W. R. Vest, and John (Jack) Ellison.

THEIR NAMES appear again below in the full roll of Co. 1, 60th Virginia Infantry Regiment. The Mercer County company was comprised mostly of men from Pipestem and Jumping Branch.

This roll was prepared by A. J. Hopkins from the original roll made by Lt. Joseph W. Ryan who was in the company, plus various histories and other sources.

The two captains were White G. Ryan and Albert, G. P. George. The seven lieutenants were Nelson H. Farley, Joseph W. Ryan, Joshua Harvey, Anderson Basham, Isaac Cook, John M. Walker, and Joseph Lilly. The four corporals were Allen T. Clark, M. A. W. Young, Bowman G. Ryan, and J. S. Huffman.

THE PRIVATES, in alphabetical order, were: John T. Anderson, W. B. Akers, Flemon Akers, Dr. A. L. Austin, R. M. Blankenship, C. A. Bowling, H. R. Bailey, William Basham, John Basham, Elisha Bolen, Thomas C. Ball, Joseph P. Cox, Joseph J. Christian, William Christian, Alexander F. Clark, James Cook, Marion L. Campbell, Daniel Connor, J. W. Coleman, Robert H. Christian, Eli W. Christian, John H. Christian, James A. Caperton, R. A. Christian, A. J. Christian, Jonathan Clark, John S. Caper-

ton, Matthew Cox, S. N. Crawford, J. J. Charlton.

Also J. M. Deeds, James Deeds, John S. Dodd, William T. Ellison, Henderson F. Ellison, John Jack Ellison, Alexander Ellison, Joel Farley, A. T. Farley, Anderson P. Farley, Levi Farley, J. Richard Farley, John Farley, Frances Farley, J. N. French, A. J. French, LayFayette Ferguson, A. L. Goode, G. W. Hedrick, Davis Helton, V. B. Harvey, J. E. Huffman, Ballard Houchins, Reuben Hopkins, Sim D. Hopkins, William Handcock, Austin Harvey, William Hinton, Mathew A. Hedrick, A. L. Hedrick, G. W. Hylton, Wilson Harvey, Floyd Harvey, J. D. Harvey, O. C. Harvey, J. N. Harvery.

Also James Kelly, D. K. Lusk, G. W. Lilly, Simeon Lilly, J. S. Lilly, William H. Lilly, Lewis Lilly, Andrew Lilly, A. G. Law, Granville C. Lowe, William R. Martin, Richard Martin, Gilbert R. Martin, Charles Means, John Massey, Thomas McBride, Jeremiah McBride, Matthew Meador, G. T. Meador, John Mann, P. B. Matthews, Squire Meador, Isaac Mann, Thomas Mustain, William Mustain, J. H. Mann, P. W. Meador, William Meador, Allen H. Meador, John J. Meador.

Also R. W. Nolen, Henry Nolen, John Nolen, James Neely, Evan V. Neely, Levi M. Neely, William R. Neely, John Petry, C. A. Pitzer, John M. Pack, J. A. Pennington, George W. Pearis, George W. Plumley, John Phillips, Edd M. Ryan, C. A. Scott, J. H. Stewart, J. C. Scott, Erastus B. Stevens, J. L. Stinson, William R. Snider, George Upton, C. J. Vest, W. R. Vest, Jehu J. Vest, W. R. Vest, James J. Vest, Milton White, J. W. Wood, C. H. Wood, J. G. Whitten, Joseph F. Wood, Crawford, and James W. Walker.

Gen. Alfred Beckley Had Militia Troubles

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Mention was made here a day or two ago of Col. N. B. French who is buried in Oakwood Cemetery at Princeton. This Confederate officer is mentioned in a report by Brig. Gen. Alfred Beckley. The report, being one with a Raleigh County setting, is here given in full:

"Camp Shady Spring, Va.,
(Now W. Va.)

(August 21, 1861.

"Maj. Gen. Robert E. Lee,
Commander-in-Chief:

"Sir:

"Having been assigned to special service by General Henry A. Wise to direct the operations of a body of militia, partly from my own brigade and partly from General Chapman's, with Caskie's Troop Rangers, in the loop of New River, embracing all of Raleigh County and a part of Fayette County, I have formed a camp of instruction at this place (Shady Spring) nine miles south of Raleigh Court House, and have now a force of about 250 men from Fayette and Raleigh Counties, besides Caskie's Rangers, numbering forty-one.

"While awaiting reinforcements from Monroe, Giles, and Mercer Counties in General Chapman's brigade, understanding there were four companies of volunteers newly organized and officered in the county of Mercer in the vicinity of Princeton, viz., two companies of cavalry, under Capt. Napoleon B. French and John Danlap, I repaired there with Doctor Stiles, my acting sur-



geon, for the purpose of mustering them into my Thirty-fifth Regiment without delay.

"Those captains refused to be mustered into service, and the militia of Mercer having been called out by General Chapman's order at the same time, they and their men refused to march with the militia, disobeying the order of the colonel of the militia regiment to that effect. I am also informed that there is a company of infantry fully organized under Capt. William P. Cecil and two more companies forming in the county of Tazewell and one forming in Giles County.

"General, I ask that you will send me explicit and positive orders for these several companies to repair without delay to my camp of instructions to be mustered into service. These companies are without good drill masters, and will require a good deal of attention to fit them for the field, even with the advantages and facilities of a camp of instruction, and the public service, in my opinion, demands that these companies be promptly mustered into the service.

"As soon as I am reinforced by the militia from Monroe, Giles, and Mercer Counties, which by a dispatch from General Chapman, I am informed, will take place in a few days, I will advance toward Fayette Court House and Cotton Hill, scouting, watching closely, and harassing the enemy, and cooperating, as far as the nature of my force will admit, with General Floyd and Wise.

"Very respectfully, General,
your obedient servant,
ALFRED BECKLEY,
Brigadier General, and

Colonel Thirty-fifth
Regiment Volunteers"

FROM THE FOREGOING it would seem that Capt. Napoleon Bonaparte French, later colonel, was not sure whom he should obey in August, 1861.

This is the same Colonel French who was born at Airy Mountain, Giles County, Va., on January 15, 1811. He died at Princeton, on December 12, 1899, and was buried in Oakwood Cemetery there. He married Miss Jane B. Armstrong, (March 20, 1812-Nov. 13, 1898), of Germanton, N. C. They were the parents of David French, (July 19, 1833-Feb. 18, 1899), and Edward H. French, (1846-1924).

Whether any of the descendants of Colonel French is to be found in this area is unknown.

IT WOULD SEEM the state militia were an undisciplined lot. When General Beckley had 1,500 of them at Jumping Branch he recommended to his superiors that they be disbanded.

One thing they were commonly assigned to do in the area where they were encamped was to work on the roads and keep them in passable repair. Rains played havoc with dirt roads and made anyone of them a string of mud-holes. Heavy rains in 1861 caused floods in the Great Kanawha River and worked hard on such dirt turnpikes as the Giles, Fayette, and Kanawha Turnpike which extended from Giles Court House through Beckley to Kanawha Salines (Malden).

Militia helped in putting bridges back in shape and draining the road grade.

Desertion was quite common among the militia of this area.

Rebel Victory At Fayetteville Won Salt

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Until sunset on Sept. 10, 1862, the Confederates were assailing Fayetteville's Union-held fortifications round about. It was the noisiest afternoon Fayetteville ever has had. Somehow the road to Cotton Hill was kept open—a way of retreat for the Federals.

Wonder is that the Confederates were not able to capture the town, its fortifications, and the Federals. The line up in numbers and pieces: The Federals had one regiment and six companies of another, with four mountain howitzers and two smooth bore six-pounders. The Confederates had two brigades and 16 pieces of artillery, some of them of rather heavy calibre.

It was a dismal failure on the part of the Confederates that Fayetteville wasn't reduced with such odds against it. But hindsight is always better. Rumor had it that the Confederate commander, Gen. W. W. Loring, had ordered Colonel Wharton, one of the Confederate brigade commanders, to leave the way open for the Federals to fade out. Loring answered this report, saying that Fayetteville had so many roads running out of the place that his men couldn't keep an eye on all of



them.

FOR THIS THE YANKEES were deeply appreciative. However, Colonel Siber, the Federal commander at Fayetteville, stated in his official report that the line of his retreat was kept open at what he called a "considerable loss." The defect in Loring's logic was that he believed the Federals had five regiments in the Fayetteville forts instead of only one and six companies of another.

That night the Yankees slipped out. Between 1 and 2 a.m. on Sept. 11, Colonel Siber sent out his 30 wounded men and the most important wagon convoys. The wagon convoys, which transported ammunition, food, and medical supplies, were animal drawn, mostly by mules. A mule eats a third less than a horse and for this reason the sturdy mule was preferred.

WHEN THE CONFEDERATES found on Sept. 11 that Fayetteville had fallen they reached out to grab the nest from which the birds had flown.

Pursuit of the Yanks was made in the direction of Cotton Hill. Brig. Gen. J. S. Williams led the chase. In his official report Williams states he found the road "strewn with guns, knapsacks, blankets, hospital and sutlers' stores, horses and men."

This was an overstatement as commanders always pictured

things to their own advantage.

At Cotton Hill, Colonel Siber rallied his men for a rear guard stand. General Williams' command attacked in front, while Colonels Wharton and Echols moved to turn the right flank of the Federals. This caused Colonel Siber to retreat over Cotton Hill Mountain to the Kanawha River on the left, or south side. Siber burned his magazines as he went.

Gauley Bridge fell to the Confederates and Lightburn's forces retreated to Charleston, skirmishing as they fled.

AFTER THE KANAWHA Valley to Charleston was in Confederate hands by mid-September, 1862, there was a constant train of wagons on the roads leading eastward, all loaded heavily with the salt which was captured at the extensive salt works at Malden, then called Kanawha Salines.

In the ten-day running fight between Sept. 6 and 16, the casualties were not as large as one might expect. Confederate losses were 18 killed and 89 wounded. Federal losses were heavier, 25 killed, 95 wounded, and 190 missing. Some of the wounded later succumbed. Missing men were considered captured by the enemy though some may have deserted and hid out until the war ended.

THE CONFEDERATES soon left the Kanawha Valley, however, General Lee wanted Loring to head northward and destroy the B & O railroad, life line of the Union. Instead, Loring started for Lewisburg. By Oct. 8 Loring's trains were heading east.

He left a small force, including Bryan's battery at Gauley Bridge, for a time. Bryan's men had charge of the Federal prisoners and were to bring them east when the time came. On Oct. 12, Bryan's Battery and the prisoners headed east and reached Hawks Nest. Thereafter the Federals came back to the Kanawha Valley to stay.

At Hawks Nest the Yank prisoners pleaded with the corporal in charge of them to let them look at the view. They outnumbered the Confederate guard and a wild rumor was loosed that the prisoners were about to grab their captors and toss them over the high ledge. A command to "fix bayonets" was yelled to the Confederate guard and the moment was tense.

This shocked the prisoners who feared they were going to be shoved over. When the march eastward was resumed over the Kanawha and James River Turnpike, all breathed better. By afternoon of Oct. 15, they reached Lewisburg.

Loring's victory was wasted on his subsequent indecision, and his command was given over to Gen. John Echols.

Rau Tucker

A Monroe Native At Second Cold Harbor

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Mrs. W. R. Maddy of Hinton says she would like an offering here on the second battle of Cold Harbor. Her grandfather had a brother killed in that blood-af-ray. She had forgotten the name of the Confederate soldier who was slain but it was Allen Woodrum.

Let me digress here long enough to say that Cold Harbor was not a town, nor even a hamlet. It was the site of an unheated tavern and a few houses. This



was on the edge of the fortifications of Richmond where on June 3, 1864, 10,000 men in blue fell in 20 minutes! Because the tavern was unheated in cold weather and a harbor for a person seeking its merchandise it was called "cold harbor."

It was the same with Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded. It was not even a village, just a house and a few out-buildings where a farm family named Chancellor lived. But back to the story of Woodrum's death in action in Cold Harbor 99 years ago, come June 3.

ALLEN WOODRUM was a soldier in Company D of the battalion commanded by Col. George M. Edgar. He was color bearer of his company. He was born on Wolf Creek in Monroe County, a section which supplied so many men to the Confederate Army. On the morning of the day

Woodrum fell the Federals made desperate charges on the thinly held Confederate line of fortifications. So depleted had the Confederate Army become because of the heavy casualty list in the Battle of the Wilderness just preceding Grant's attack on Richmond, that there were comparatively few regulars of the Confederate Army to stave off the heavy Yankee assaults.

COLONEL EDGAR'S battalion ranks had been badly thinned, so much so that it was not possible for his guns to concentrate on the charging Yankees sufficient fire to repulse them before they reached the Confederate breastworks. Result of this state of affairs was that the charging Yankees over ran the breastworks and engaged in hand-to-hand fighting with the Confederate men.

Vastly outnumbered and with inferior weapons, the Confederates were captured in sizeable numbers. Among those made prisoners-of-war was Colonel Edgar himself. Along with his captured personnel, Edgar was taken back within the Union lines. In the vicious melee a Union soldier bayoneted Colonel Edgar in the shoulder.

However, before his capture, the colonel had seen Allen Woodrum give a good account of himself in mortal combat with a group of Yankee infantrymen.

WHEN WOODRUM WAS fighting for his life atop the Confederate breastworks, all he had for a weapon was the sharp lance point of his flag staff. A rain of Minie balls from Yankee muskets

brought him down but in his dying struggle he thrust the sharp point of his flag staff clear through the body of one of his assailants.

As Woodrum fell, his banner was near and he ripped the colors from the staff and stuffed the flag out of sight in his uniform. In death, Woodrum lay upon that banner of Stars and Bars. When the Confederates organized a counter-charge the Yankees were driven back and a number of the Yankees' prisoners were recaptured. In the group was Colonel Edgar.

THE COURAGEOUS EXPLOIT of Allen Woodrum was heralded through the Confederate ranks and gave great spirit to the remaining defenders.

Grant wrote later regarding his order resulting in the murderous assault, "I have always regretted that the last assault at Cold Harbor was ever made." In just eight minutes some 7,000 of Grant's men were killed or wounded. Of course the Confederates lost men, too. There were 1,500 Confederate casualties, Woodrum being one of them.

It was at dawn on June 3, 1864, that Grant attacked the whole Confederate line of fortifications at the second battle of Cold Harbor in the brutal assault. This defeat of Grant's minions on the hot morning of June 3 greatly dispirited Grant's Army of the Potomac when rumor transported news of the murderous slaughter of their comrades-in-arms to the rest of the boys in blue. Every man in grey—or butternut—felt in his heart he was fighting for

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By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

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Gift Of Artillery Dud Is 'Explosive' Idea

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Driving through Fayetteville on July 10th after having inspected the new bridge over the New River gorge at Fayette Station, we were asked by Police Chief, T.M. Hunsaker to pull over to the curb, he had something he wanted to give me! In short order he came back from his office with a Civil War "dud" in his hand.



That "dud" is an unexploded artillery shell which was fired during a battle at Fayetteville. My guess is that it was fired in the melee on May 18, 1863.

This 12-pound howitzer shell was found when they were excavating for the highway that will run through Fayetteville after it gets over the high bridge. In the 112 years it had lain in the earth it had rusted a bit but not very much.

The shell is seven inches tall, three inches in diameter, and close to 10 inches in circumference at the base.

Such shells have been found in the vicinity of Fayetteville quite often. What to do with one is a good question but one thing is very clear, that is the necessity of keeping it out of the fire. Were it thrown into fire it would heat up the explosive and tear up jack! This unexploded shell may be put in my rain barrel at the corner of the library, for safekeeping.

AS BOYS in Charleston, some of us would go roaming over Fort Hill on the south side of Kanawha River. That fort was built in the

Civil War Days. Several pieces of artillery were positioned on the hillside just above where the highway bridge is now being built.

A story that went the rounds at that time concerned a man who farmed the South Hill Fort area. He came upon a number of artillery shells and put them all in a hollow stump. Then when a lot of brush and other stumps were cleared off the land the stuff was piled around that stump and set on fire.

As the story was told us, the fire caused the shells to explode and killed the team of the farmer.

THIS ORDNANCE item could well be one that was fired by Sgt. Milton B. Humphreys, 18, of Bryan's Battery of the Confederate force that besieged Fayette C.H., on May 18, 1863. Col. John M. McCausland (later Brig. Gen.) and units under his command were attacking Fayette C.H., in order to draw opposition from General Imboden's raid to destroy the B&O Railroad that was a federal army supply line.

Young Humphreys, then but 18, was a sergeant in Bryan's Battery of artillery. He had the second gun in the McCausland army which was a 12pound howitzer.

AS 'THE Confederate force neared Fayette C.H., the cannon of Sgt. Humphreys was posted at present day Nickelville in a pine thicket. Federal forces were stationed in the fort at the location of the Dodd - Payne funeral home. They also occupied Fort Scammon on the top of the hill back of the courthouse.

Some of the woods had been

cleared in a direct line from Humphrey's gun in the direction of these forts. That young Confederate sergeant was a good mathematician. He estimated the distance from his cannon to the forts.

He elevated the cannon to the proper angle, then he cut the fuses on his shells to explode at a given time. From his gun to the fort was the base of the triangle, the elevated angle of the cannon barrel was the hypotenuse of the triangle.

With the fuse of the shell, cut in time to spend its force immediately over the forts, the drop of the shell was the triangle's altitude.

HUMPHREYS said his order was to fire slowly. In all, he fired 65 shells. It took the Yankees in the forts quite some time to figure out where those shells were coming from. Finally, they sent out a squad to see.

They found Humphreys and he had to draw back in the direction of present day Oak Hill. This was the first instance of "indirect fire" of artillery in the history of warfare. In all likelihood, this shell on my desk is a relic of that instance.

I knew Milton W. Humphreys when he was an old man, spending his summers with Mr. and Mrs. E.W. Johnson, at Oak Hill in the early 1920's. He was the last surviving member of General R.E. Lee's faculty at Washington College, now Washington & Lee University.

In passing where I lived he and I would chat over the fence, mostly about the Civil War, Greek, and Lee. He was professor of Greek at the University of Virginia for 25 years before he retired.

Yesterday And Today—

Sectionalism In Area Has Long History

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

While standing over the tomb of Laban Gwinn (1828-1900) and that of his wife, Mrs. Mary Jane Gwinn, (June 10, 1838-April 23, 1910) in the Gwinn burial ground opposite old McKendree Hospital on Nov. 6; it was recalled how they had to flee in 1861 to escape attack by Capt. W. D. Thurmond's partisans.



West Virginia was a battle ground of that kind, struggles between neighbors. Being a border state there was a marked division of feeling among its people in the Civil War. This led to guerrilla warfare which did not come to an end even as of Appomattox. Summers, Greenbrier and Monroe counties had more than their share of this sort of thing.

Men in such units, now called guerillas or commandos would plunder the area and ransack it for miles and miles. Then they would sell their plunder to whatever army happened to be operating nearby. The Kanawha Valley also had such a situation.

HOME GUARD companies were organized by the Union forces to ward off attacks and raids by the Confederates. All told, 32 companies of Home Guards were organized in what is now West Virginia. A member of the Home Guards caught by the partisans was done for in short order.

There were times when the Home Guards were as bad as the pillaging outlaws they sought to suppress. Whereas the Thurmond

force burned the house of Laban Gwinn, Thurmond had his home burned to the ground on the hill overlooking Sanger in Meadow Fork Creek Valley two miles from Oak Hill by the Union units.

After the war there were bands of people who roved under the guise of seeking government property. They confiscated anything that suited their fancy.

IN THE SECTION along New River the farmers who lived well before the Civil War found their places in ruin when they got back to them afterward. Money was scarce and the people greatly dispirited. It took them years to get back on their feet.

It was about this time that they began to build the C & O railroad through New River Gorge. It was begun in 1868 and completed in January, 1873. This was a life saver to many. There were those who labored on the roadbed and at tasks that called for muscle. Those with woodlands were able to sell cross ties to the C & O. Construction camps called for vegetables and other things to eat and this was a blessing to the farmers.

Little by little the economic situation improved. They could sell livestock to the construction camps for beef or for beasts of burden. The C & O was the big improvement factor in the dark period of 1865 to 1875 in the New-River-Greenbrier section.

THE WORST BLOW to the morale of southern sympathizers in this region was the despised test oath. No one could vote unless he could voluntarily take the test oath, which was to solemnly swear that he had not done anything against the Union in the per-

iod of the Civil War. Since many had served the Confederacy they could not take the oath and, consequently, were disfranchised.

It was seen by the officials of the new state of West Virginia that they might be voted out of office by Confederate veterans if the latter were allowed to vote. That was the whole purpose of the oath, to keep in subjection the men who had gone down with the Confederacy. The oath kept the state in turmoil for years and finally was removed.

WEST VIRGINIA celebrating its centennial next year, was not taken to kindly by those of Southern sympathizers for years after the war. Judge "Nat" Harrison, a Confederate sympathizer at the start of the war who went over to the other side when West Virginia was organized, had to have federal protection when he held court. That was the case in Mercer and Greenbrier counties.

His impeachment was put before the state legislature where it was alleged his decisions were based more on political expediency and on a petitioner's affiliation with the Union, than upon law and evidence. They would have made quick work of him in Greenbrier County if federal troops had not given protection while he held court. Judge Harrison's impeachment case was dismissed by the Legislature and charged off to Confederate's misrepresentations.

There was little disorder in the northern part of the state where everyone had been for the Union, or nearly so.

There is still a world of sectional strife in this state and it is hoped the Centennial might allay it. If it does, the Centennial will have performed a miracle.

Camp Chase Was Union's Dachau

By Shirley Donnelly

In my column of a few days ago mention was made of Rev. Arthur B. Duncan (1843-1929), a Confederate veteran who was seriously wounded in the battle of Mechanicsville in 1863. He was furloughed home near Oak Hill to convalesce.

While he was home he got married, married Miss Annie Sanger. During the period of his convalescence a troop of Union Army soldiers captured him and sent him to the Union Army concentration camp at Camp Chase, Ohio.

When Camp Chase, the Dachau of the Union Army, was mentioned I got that concentration lager or my mind. Result is, a few things will be written about it today.



CAMP CHASE was in the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio, where the weather is hot as blue blazes in the summer time and as cold as the Old Nick in the winter time. Confederate soldiers and Southern sympathizers were sent there when captured or arrested.

The first Confederate soldiers incarcerated there were a group of Confederate soldiers of the 23rd Virginia Regiment who had been captured in the Kanawha Valley. They were taken prisoner on July 5, 1861, and held as hostages for Union soldiers captured by the Confederates.

High tide of Camp Chase prison population was reached in July, 1863, when about 8,000 Confederate soldiers were in the stockade. Majority of the 8,000 were privates and non-commissioned officers. When a colonel was captured and sent there he was generally exchanged for a Union colonel or sent to camp on Johnson's Island in Lake Erie.

SPEAKING of the camp of Johnson's Island, this island is located at the mouth of Sandusty Bay, overlooking Lake Erie. It is a mile long and a mile and a half wide. It was an ideal spot for a prison post. It was comfortable in the summer and cold as all-get-out in the winter. There escape was well nigh impossible. Confederates confined there were largely officers.

ANYONE who has been around a prisoner-of-war camp as much as I have will tell you that prison and paradise are not synonymous by a jugful. This I know because I worked in Dachau in World War II and saw death and disease there with both eyes.

Camp Chase was a horrible prisoner of war stockade. Men died there like flies. As that is written I have before the names of the thousands of men who died there. Four miles

west of Columbus, Ohio, more than 2,000 confederate are buried, having died in Camp Chase.

When Northern people poke the finger of accusation at Andersonville where Union P.O.W.'s were confined, and overlook Camp Chase, their own P.O.W. camp, it is like the pot calling the kettle black. When Gen. Alfred Beckley was captured here at Raleigh Courthouse in 1862 they started for one of the P.O.W. camps in Ohio with him.

CIVILIANS who were southern sympathizers were rounded up and imprisoned by Union army officials. Just in case you don't know what war is, I'll tell you that it is exactly like old Gen. W.T. Sherman said it is. He was the one who marched his army through the South and all but demolished it. Some may recall his old war song, "While we are marching through Georgia." Sherman said, "War is H-I-I."

ONE FAYETTE County citizen who was a Southern sympathizer was Calvin Sanderson Warner (born 1816 at Whately, Mass.) who lived at Beckwith. He was rounded up and taken to Camp Chase where he was later paroled and sent home.

In Oak Hill there lived Dr. John T. Deviese, M.D. When the Civil War erupted he joined the Confederate army. He was later captured by the Union army and compelled to serve with the Union army. He is buried atop a high knoll across the hollow from where this is written. His remains rest in what is known as the Burgess Cemetery on Pea Ridge at Oak Hill.

Speaking of doctors in the army during the Civil War, West Virginia furnished 135 doctors; of that number 90 were in the Union army and 45 were in the Confederate service.

Dr. Charles A. Barlow, Guyandotte; Dr. J.W. Moss of Barbour County; Joseph Thoburn of Wheeling, lost their lives while on duty with the Union Army. Confederate Army casualties in the medical corps included Dr. S.R. Swain of Charleston and Dr. B.F. Wilson of Crab Orchard.

Dr. Charles N. and Samuel H. Austin of Ripley in Jackson County served in the Confederate army. Dr. Jacob Latimer of Collageville, near Ripley, served in the Union army. Dr. Charles A Thacker was the only Greenbrier County surgeon to serve with the Union forces.

In Monroe County, another hotbed of the Confederacy, Dr. William Campbell of Sinks Grove, Dr. A.S. Miller of Sweet Springs, and Dr. John L. Woodville wore the Grey in the Civil War. So did Harvey Black, M.D. of Greenbrier County and Dr. Thomas Creigh of Lewisburg. Dr. Isaiah Bee of Princeton served under the stars and bars of the South. Likewise, Dr. W.L. Barksdale of Lewisburg, as did Dr. Isaac Creed of Lewisburg.

Old Rebel's Recollections Of Civil War--I

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

Ottie Carden of Oak Hill had a kinsman who was a Confederate soldier and member of Lowry's Battery, a unit that saw a lot of service in the Civil War. That kinsman was Isaac Green Carden, (Aug. 10, 1841-March, 1932).

Aside from living to be well over 90 years of age, Isaac Green Carden committed his recollections of Civil War experiences to writing. This column proposes to share those recollections with its readers for the next few days.



"OCTOBER 4, 1931

"I volunteered in the (Confederate) army in April of 1861, in Captain Lowry's company at Rollinsburg, now known as Talcott. We were trained for two weeks at Greenville. While we were there the people of Greenville fed us.

"We were mustered in at Gauley Bridge and issued flintlock muskets and rations. From there we went to Cannelton and were put on a boat and taken down to Charleston. First night there we were put in a barn to sleep. There were something over 200 of us.

"That barn was a kind of double-barn. Captain Buster's company from Greenbrier County occupied one end of it and we occupied the other end. We stayed there about three weeks and were ordered from there to Two Mile Creek, just below Charleston. Some of our troops had a fight with the Yankees at a place called Scary, down on the Kanawha not far from the junction of the Ohio. We were ordered down there to help them but before we reached there the Yankees had retreated back across the Ohio. We were ordered back to Charleston and from there to Dogwood Gap (in Fayette County).

"WHILE WE WERE in camp at Dogwood Gap, Gen. John B. Floyd had a fight with the Yanks at Cross Lanes in Nicholas County. We were ordered there. We left Cross Lanes and came back toward Lewisburg. We were then

ordered to White Sulphur Springs and from there back to Little Sewell Mountain. Gen. Robert E. Lee was sent there to take charge of the Southern Army.

"In the fall of 1861 General Lee made his plans to attack the Yanks but the night before he had arranged to attack they retreated. We were then ordered to Martin's Bluff and stayed there until the spring of 1862.

"We were then ordered to Richmond and went into camp at what was called Camp Winder, under Gen. Henry A. Wise. We were ordered from there to Roanoke Island. Three companies were there: Capt. Lowry's; Capt. Romer's, and Capt. McComas. Lowry's company was from Monroe County, Capt. Romer's from Craig County, Va., and McComas's from Giles County.

"WE WENT TO NORFOLK and from there to Roanoke Island and on to Currituck. We were then ordered to Elizabeth City, N. C. Lt. Turner was sent down in North Carolina and while he was gone the Yanks captured Roanoke Island with all of General Wise's army.

"After the Yanks captured Roanoke Island they sent 13 gunboats up to Elizabeth City. We had 32-pounders stationed just below the city and then placed one 6-pound rifle at the wharf in town. They opened fire and the gunboats paid about as much attention to our guns as if they had been a couple of popguns.

"Our 6-pound rifle boys at the wharf were ordered to fire as a signal and I was ordered, with two bay horses, to haul the gun away. Our gun boomed and my horses started to run and I did not have to whip them to get them to get away from there. I made no effort to halt them!

"FROM ELIZABETH CITY we retreated to what was called Newby's Bridge. While there a little boat, loaded with sutler's goods from Roanoke Island, made its way up this little stream to Newby's Bridge. Our officers hired wagons and loaded this little boat's provisions and hauled them across what was known as Dismal Swamp. It was four miles across and took all night to cross and we went into camp at a place called Hinton's Cross Roads, N.C.

"We were ordered from there to Gauley Bridge. While there General Wise and his army were exchanged for northern troops. It was then left to the companies to vote whether they would stay in North Carolina or go to General Wise at Manassas. We voted for General Wise.

"WE WERE MARCHED to Richmond. When we reached Richmond our officers went to the authorities and had us transferred back into what is now West Virginia. At that time this region was known as Western Virginia. We were then placed under the command of Lowry and ordered to Fayetteville. There we had another engagement. From Fayetteville the Yankees retreated and we pursued them as far as Charleston and then fell back to Thorne Springs in Pulaski County. There we wintered in 1862.

"IN THE SPRING OF 1863 we were ordered to Saltville in Smith County, Va., to protect the salt works at that place. There we remained until fall when we were ordered to Tennessee to be attached to Gen. William E. Johnson's cavalry. We camped in Tennessee during the winter of 1863-64.

"There were a company of Yanks that came in. We went around to get behind them. . . We marched all night through rain and mud and just before day we attacked them in the rear. We captured about a thousand. Then we came on back and started to build our winter quarters and had our part of the logs ready when we were ordered to Greenville, Tenn."

More of Carden's recollections tomorrow.

Civil War Rancor Shown In Monroe Tale

By SHIRLEY DONNELLY

The Monroe County Historical Society has an article each week in The Monroe Watchman which touches on some phase of the early annals of the 167-year-old shire. Last week the story dealt with the "attempted assassination" of Baldwin Ballard.

On Aug. 10, 1950, Isaac Newton Ballard, last surviving member of the 10 children of Baldwin Ballard, and then 84 years old, told about the "attempted assassination" of his father in 1862. In his story, I. N. Ballard got his story a bit mixed up, a matter that is perfectly natural in the case of a man who is 84.

In the story that appeared in the Watchman of June 9, one reads: "Philip Thurmond's Rangers under command of Bill, his son, came to Hunter's Springs, Baldwin. . . saw the Rangers watching him." This is in error as Philip Thurmond did not have a son named Bill.

PHILIP THURMOND'S full name was Philip James Thurmond. He married Sarah Pauline Jones, sister of Col. Beuh-ring Jones, later a Lewisburg lawyer. Phil Thurmond and his wife had four children: Mary Jane Thurmond, (April 14, 1852-Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27, 1909) who married William Brenneman; Charles Henry Thurmond (June 1, 1855-1921); Sarah Alice Thurmond (born Dec. 29, 1856); and Martha Ann Thurmond, an invalid.

Philip J. Thurmond was born Oct. 24, 1826, and was but 36 years old when the "attempted assassination" of Baldwin Ballard (1821-1917) took place in 1862. Thus it was hardly possible that 36-year-old Phil Thurmond could have had a son old enough to command his father's

company of guerrillas in 1862.

WHAT BALLARD had in mind was Phil Thurmond's brother, Capt. William (Bill) D. Thurmond (Nov. 11, 1820-May 14, 1910), who had a ranger company all his own.

I. N. Ballard was right in his story when he stated "Philip Thurmond was later killed at Winfield." It was in a night action at Winfield, shortly after midnight, Oct. 26, 1864, that he was mortally wounded. He died during the middle of the afternoon that day, eight hours after he fell.

During the same action another brother, Elias Thurmond, was taken prisoner. He was permitted to remain with his wounded brother until he died and was buried. Under a flag of truce, Capt. William F. Bahlmann carried a coffin himself in order that Phil Thurmond might be buried in something more than his army blanket. The burial was at Winfield.

IN I. N. BALLARD'S story about the attempted killing of his father, Baldwin Ballard, it is stated that "Uncle Henry Mann was plowing on the Ben Mann place. He heard shots, unhitched, and came to the road. He saw blood and was expecting to find Baldwin. The soldiers (Thurmond's Rangers) rose from behind the fence. Bill Taylor (Baldwin Ballard knew him) and a man by the name of Coleman. They went afoot looking for Baldwin. It was raining when Uncle Henry came along and found the soldiers under oak trees on the old road."

Using a little historical method deduction, it looks like I. N. Ballard was mistaken when he said the soldiers in the stories were those of the Philip Thurmond company. What seems most likely to be the case is that it was William D. Thurmond's guerrilla rangers.

HERE'S WHY: There were not any men in Phil Thur-

mond's company by the name of Coleman. But in the Capt. W. D. Thurmond's outfit there were two Coleman men. They were Charles M. Coleman and Seaton Coleman.

Martin Coleman, the Oak Hill meat packer, is a grandson of one of those two Coleman men.

However, the roster of Capt. Phil Thurmond's Company shows five men by the name of Taylor. They were J. E. Taylor, S. L. Taylor, R. Taylor, J. C. Taylor, and W. P. Taylor. This latter man, W. P. Taylor, was in all probability the "Bill Taylor" whom Baldwin Ballard knew and who was with "a man named Coleman" who "went afoot" with Bill Taylor "looking for Baldwin."

The aim of the two rangers - Coleman and Taylor - was poor when they fired at Baldwin Ballard. A ball from one of the guns struck the little bay mare which Ballard was riding when fired upon. Blood covered Ballard but he got away.

His little bay mare was captured by the Rangers, but she lived. After the war was over, Baldwin Ballard recovered the animal over around Pickaway.

THIS STORY illustrates the rancor that prevailed during the Civil War. Baldwin Ballard was one of the three men in Springfield District who voted against secession, a dangerous thing to do in Monroe County in 1861. He lived to the age of 96, dying in 1917.

Phil Thurmond's ranger company was organized May 2, 1862, at the mouth of Wolf Creek in Monroe where Confederate sympathy was strong. Some of the Monroe men in that unit knew Baldwin Ballard, then one of the best known personages in the entire county.

After the war Ballard served as justice of the peace and judged over 900 cases in his court. Not a one of his decisions was ever reversed when appealed.

